

The Nation.

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The Week.

Distinct notice was served upon the President, by the vote of the House on Thursday on the Panama Canal appropriation, that no more lump sums will be granted him to spend at discretion. Enough Republicans joined with the Democrats to cut some \$5,000,000 off the estimates which the Administration submitted as a minimum. Moreover, an amendment was adopted demanding hereafter itemized estimates, especially for salaries. The latter have been, so think many Congressmen from the backwoods, not accustomed to our new and large Imperialistic ways, unduly lavish, and have fallen more freely upon the just (that is, the President's personal friends) than upon the unjust (whom we will not give pain by specifying). Secretary Taft is hurt that there should be even an intimation that graft may have crept into expenditures under his direction. So was Secretary Wilson, so was Postmaster-General Payne, until the facts in their departments were brought out. Nobody accused them of personal dishonesty, as no one would dream of accusing Mr. Taft; yet the system has been bad, wide open to abuse, even if abuses have not crept in. That is for Congress to determine in the investigation which even the Secretary now admits to be inevitable. Meanwhile, the House has called a halt. It has knocked one-third off the President's Panama emergency estimates, although he had carefully explained in his message that to do so would be a "great folly," if not actually a "crime"; and it has constrained the Senate to follow suit.

So far as regards its figures, which cover the fiscal year ending June 30, the Secretary of the Treasury's report to Congress tells little that is new. The year's Treasury deficit of \$23,004,228 was known five months ago; it has also been plain enough that the estimate in last year's report of a \$22,300,000 surplus for the present fiscal year could not be fulfilled. The Secretary himself now alters that cheerful forecast to prediction of an \$8,000,000 deficit. He makes this change, notwithstanding the fact that his forecast of revenue for the fiscal year 1906 is increased \$13,000,000 as compared with his estimate a year ago for the same period. The report is entirely frank on this phase of the situation. Secretary Shaw points out that the yield of customs and internal revenue is always uncertain, even with unchanged tax laws; that "conditions

which cannot be anticipated are always reflected in revenues," and that "a very small cloud in the financial sky will cause marked fluctuation in customs receipts." This is perfectly true; and it is an excellent argument against the resting of the Treasury's fortunes on a protective tariff, whose revenue-producing power is always highest when revenue from that quarter is least needed, and always collapses utterly when income from other sources is declining. The Secretary's only conclusion is that the Treasury ought not to encroach on the present very large money surplus in its vaults and in depository banks. This advice would be more useful if Mr. Shaw would tell us what he would have the Treasury do when confronted with chronic deficits.

The most striking feature of the report of the Secretary of War is the omission of any mention of the beer canteen. Apparently, the authorities are willing to let the matter drop, or they feel, in view of the reports of the Inspector-General and Military Secretary, that the case for the sale of beer is not quite so clear as was thought. Another motive may be the natural desire to give the new post recreation buildings a longer trial. Secretary Taft does not yield any space to the advocacy of the President's plan of promotion by selection, but very wisely urges greater severity in the elimination of unfit officers as one way of aiding promotion. He is quite correct in saying that this is both "possible and practicable." He would dismiss all unfit or deficient lieutenants, and retire captains and field officers who fail in their professional work. The needed legislation to bring before a board any officer deficient in his studies he should have without loss of time. At the time of the reorganization of 1870, there were so-called "benzine boards" which did a lot of housecleaning. But the army needs a purging as much to-day as it did then, unless it is to be loaded up with a set of drones and incompetents as a result of the reorganization of 1901. If Mr. Taft should devote himself to this subject, obtain the laws he needs, eliminate politics, and hold officers strictly responsible for their military progress, he will do the army an even greater service than Mr. Root.

Without other comment than italics, Secretary Hitchcock refers, in his annual report, to the punishment visited upon Bartlett Richards and William G. Comstock of Nebraska for illegally fencing and using some 250,000 acres of Government land: "*They pleaded guilty,*

and, after consideration of the matter, the court imposed a fine in each case of \$300, and sentenced the defendants to the custody of the marshal for six hours." This terrible penalty was inflicted against the advice of a District Attorney who seems to have much the same tender feeling for land grafters as the child who always "kicked the stranded jellyfish back into the sea" had for dumb creatures. Richards has been one of the boldest and most successful of the tribe that has grown rich on the use of public land. He has been exceedingly active in the business of securing homestead claim assignments, but even this method of increasing his holdings has been too slow; the Government's surveyors found in one enclosure 77,000 acres of public land held without the shadow of a claim. "What are you going to do about it?" he asked when Secretary Hitchcock's agents first exposed the fraud. "Prosecute," ordered Mr. Hitchcock. Indictments against Richards and others were found, but when the District Attorney showed an inclination to push the cases, he was replaced. Then a special prosecutor was sent out who was not under the domination of Richards.

After Secretary Hitchcock's agent arrived, there followed an offer to confess the facts, and a promise to remove the fences. The District Attorney thereupon recommended the dismissal of the charges, but the special prosecutor refused. The only alternative left—a plea of guilty and appeal to the mercy of the court—was adopted by Richards. The District Attorney assured the judge that the man was acting in good faith, that the illegal fences were coming down, and that he was entitled to special consideration. The farcical sentence followed, though the law provided "a fine of not exceeding \$1,000 and imprisonment for not exceeding one year for each offence," and Richards went back to the management of his "land and feeding company." So far, therefore, the Government has not been able to "do" anything practically, but in Nebraska it is beginning to be felt that Mr. Hitchcock means business. A number of other public-land pirates have actually broken up their pastures, and the crusade is extending to Kansas, where, a few days ago at Topeka, seven indictments were returned by the grand jury against the unlawful holders of 50,000 acres of Government pasture land.

The verdict of the court-martial in the case of Midshipman Meriwether is most disappointing. If he is to be excused because of the existence of prizefighting

in the past, he should have gone scot free. As it is, his serious offence is not condoned, but is penalized merely by a reprimand and confinement to the Academy for one year—a nominal sentence, when one considers that a similar case of manslaughter would be punished by a prison sentence in this State. Here is a case where the ends of justice would have been much better subserved by turning the offender over to a civilian court. We cannot but assume that the corps of midshipmen will look upon the outcome of Meriwether's trial as but a slight rebuke, and as indicating that the high officers of the navy are little opposed to the practice of prizefighting. Fortunately, the Secretary of the Navy has taken an admirable stand on this question, and, now that the Meriwether matter is settled, the public may look to him to end a disgraceful and barbaric custom, reflecting seriously on the standards and discipline of the Naval Academy.

However much or little reliance is to be placed upon the early reports of favorable prospects for the two-State bill in Congress, it is certain that the public attitude toward that measure has changed considerably. As regards the amalgamation of Oklahoma and Indian Territory, there is no longer any practical difference of opinion. Even a virtual referendum in Indian Territory went against separate Statehood, and the bill for the combined State would go through Congress in a day if presented by itself. As for Arizona and New Mexico, their reunion to form a single State will doubtless be opposed by the same interests and for the same reasons as heretofore. It can no longer be said, however, as it has been so often, that Arizona is "a unit" for independent Statehood. That side seemed to have everything its own way. Now the other is making itself heard. A number of newspapers are supporting joint Statehood, and mass meetings at several places have endorsed it. Moreover, some extremely good arguments are furnished by recent revelations about the men slated for Congress if two States are made on the Southwest border. If the State of New Mexico is to come into being primarily to make "Bull" Andrews a Senator, Congressmen otherwise friendly may well hesitate.

The various suits for rebating, to be instituted in the Federal Court at Philadelphia, ought to test thoroughly the efficacy of the present law. Attorney-General Moody is reported to entertain doubts whether convictions can be secured under existing statutes. Whatever may be the arguments for and against Federal rate regulation, rebating is an evil concerning which there can be no dispute. When a common

carrier secretly builds up one shipper and destroys another, it is guilty of injustice for which the most skilled casuist of the Standard Oil Company can offer no defence. If the law does not provide a remedy, the law should be amended. To that every honest man will agree. But the only way to find the defects of the law is to test it, to carry the suits through to the bitter end. In open debate on Monday Senator Tillman said hotly, "I don't believe we shall ever get anywhere with this matter as long as the President of the United States, who has taken the lead in it, is willing to whitewash members of the Cabinet, as he did Paul Morton." The reference, of course, is to the Santa Fé case, in which Messrs. Judson and Harmon were called off so soon as it was evident that they were closing in on the President's friend Morton. That celebrated fiasco has left an unpleasant impression on the mind of people who, before trying a new device, want to see the old law enforced up to the hilt.

The movement against the issue of railway passes is evidently gaining headway. With such companies as the Pennsylvania, the Reading, the Lackawanna, and the New York Central suspending the privileges to politicians and newspaper men, the smaller roads can afford to pluck up courage and refuse to be bled. In this juncture, when there is so much searching of heart, no one comes forward to defend the system of pass-giving; for it is really indefensible. People must be vastly edified by the virtuous attitude of the newspapers, which are now ready to let judgment begin with the House of God. The pass for the employee of the railway is no concern of the public; but the pass for the favored shipper, the newspaper-writer, and the politician is. A railway is not a benevolent institution. It does not bestow favors without expecting something in return. When it sends free tickets to a heavy shipper, it in effect offers him a rebate on his freight-bills, thus evades the spirit of the law, and handicaps every one of his competitors. The editor receives passes, not because railway presidents esteem editors above the rest of mankind, admire their literary skill, their accomplishments in conversation, and their rugged independence of character. No; the explanation is less flattering. The railway president frankly wants kind treatment in the news and editorial columns. He gets it. And as for the politician—the railway pass distributor wants to lay him under "a moral obligation," as C. E. Hughes put it in examining Senator Platt. In fine, the pass is a petty bribe which purchases "influence" or a vote the right way. The sooner the corrupt practice is abolished, the better for all concerned.

It was over the "right" of a Representative to select postmasters within his district, it will be remembered, that the Hon. "Gussie" Gardner of the Sixth Massachusetts District entered upon his famous controversy with Secretary Moody last year. The President, who made short work of Congressional pretensions in that case, is now preparing, according to report, to extend a virtual merit system to all the Presidential postmasters. "Where the term of such an official has expired, he will be continued in the service if his record is reported to be 'good' or 'excellent'"—this is the outline of the plan. The "clean-sweep" idea recedes constantly further into the background. Definite terms, established either by law or by custom, have succeeded tenure solely dependent on politics. A change of the party in power does not displace a faithful postmaster until he has rounded out his four years. Of course, it is a much easier matter to say that he shall not be displaced even then, when, as at present, most of these officials already belong to the dominant party. The strain will come when a Democratic President is faced by the array of Republican postmasters. Whether the fourth-class postmasters are ever to be placed in the classified service is the next question.

South Carolina's dispensary system is once more in trouble with the Federal authorities. The United States Supreme Court has decided that when the State becomes a liquor-dealer, even for a high moral purpose, it must pay internal-revenue taxes like anybody else. The court reasons that if a State could, by taking over any line of business, relieve that business of its contribution to the Federal revenue, the several States could, by extending their own functions far enough, "practically destroy the efficiency of the National Government." The sum involved—which was originally paid and sued for by South Carolina—is \$20,000; not a large tax for a business with annual profits of \$400,000. Still, the decision will doubtless cause the same resentment as the original-package decisions rendered when Tillman had first started the dispensary. These two Federal decisions have first made the State liquor monopoly impossible by legalizing private importations in the original package, and now taxed the State into the bargain.

Robert M. La Follette was elected a Senator of the United States a few days more than eleven months ago, and it is now for the first time definitely known that he is preparing to accept the new post. The versatile Governor, throughout his career, has almost uniformly escaped from doing the particular thing people expected of him. In this case,

instead of going to Washington at the beginning of the session like an ordinary Senator-elect, and letting himself be sworn in, he will tarry a while longer to put his own house in order. Not only do the primary and railroad-commission laws passed last winter need some tinkering, but important litigation over railroad taxes is still in the courts. Hence the special session and the Governor's decision to see it through. This is the long session of Congress, and if the lawmakers at Madison are expeditious, he may still get to Washington in time to have a hand in the rate-bill debates.

When philanthropy is at the mercy of "eminent counsel," we get such unhappy spectacles as Mr. Ryan presented at the insurance inquiry on Friday. Conscious of having performed a great public service in snatching control of the Equitable from envious and angry financial rivals, he was eager to inform Mr. Hughes about the manoeuvres and threats of his quondam competitor, Mr. Harriman, but was cruelly stopped by "advice of counsel." This was obviously a great surprise and disappointment to Mr. Ryan, and nothing but his respect for Mr. Cravath as an authority on the whole duty of a financier skating on thin ice induced him to obey that gentleman and commit a misdemeanor. For the statute is clear. If Mr. Hughes's questions were "material" and "proper," Mr. Ryan made himself liable to fine or imprisonment, or both. And there was no reasonable doubt that the questions were material and proper. They went straight to the heart of the matter the committee is investigating—that is, the corrupt alliance of insurance companies with great speculators and powerful politicians. If Mr. Harriman tried to frighten Mr. Ryan by threatening to turn Boss Odell loose on him, it was of the highest public importance that the facts should be known. A little persuasion from Mr. Jerome loosened Mr. Ryan's tongue on Tuesday, and we now know that Mr. Harriman, on being refused a half-share in the Equitable, threatened to use his "legislative influence" against him.

In Mr. Edward Atkinson we lose a man who had to be called an old-fashioned American, though his type was once common. He had by study and reflection formed convictions about economics and government which he did not feel at liberty to alter while you waited. His reasoning powers and his conscience he thought of as something else than a mere register of passing popular feeling. What made him seem so singular in his later years was that his opinions did not ebb and flow with the majority in elections. He was of the school of democracy illustrated by John Stuart Mill, believing that liberty is a demonstrable good; that the force of argument is really of more

weight than the decree of a caucus; that public policy ought to be settled by considerations of reason and justice rather than of profit. In an age when it was the fashion to meet all objections by saying, "Every one is doing it," or "The bill is sure to pass," Mr. Atkinson retained the awkward habit of insisting upon examination and discussion. This was what made him so often voted "a bore"—he had such a wearisome way of bringing new-fangled notions to the test of fact and logic, and proving them absurd and dangerous! One cannot imagine Senator Lodge being really patient with such a man. But his sturdy consistency, his holding fast to the proved good, his scorn for humbug and his love of sincerity, his stanch defence of true Americanism, with his large attainments and wide and fruitful studies, made him one to value living and to mourn when dead. As a business man, too, he revolutionized the methods of insuring cotton mills, and he warmly sympathized with the South in its efforts to develop its cotton industries and attain an independent economic growth. His voluminous writings have contributed little to economic thought, but are replete with practical suggestion.

What makes Capt. Roald Amundsen's achievement in sailing a small vessel from Greenland to the Alaskan shores the more remarkable is the small size of his vessel and crew. "We shall be eight men all told," he wrote on announcing his plans, "and our vessel, the *Gjoa*, is 47 tons register, 70 feet long between uprights, and twenty feet broad. It may seem that the vessel is small, and, indeed, it is one of the smallest which have set out for a long polar expedition, but the choice was made after full consideration." And evidently with wisdom. Yet strange is it that the most successful craft to encounter the Northwest ice-pack should be this cockleshell, in which few people would care to cross the Atlantic, even in calm weather, and which at best can make only four knots an hour by means of its gasoline motor. Practically, therefore, so far as his vessel was concerned, Amundsen was but little better off than Frobenius, whose two ships of 1576 measured 20 and 25 tons. Even Barents, whose discoveries along the coast of Nova Zembla in and after 1594 were so important, had a ship of 100 tons. But Amundsen's idea was "to trust to patience, and steal through when there is an opportunity." He made no effort to penetrate to the north. His main object was to locate the magnetic pole, the position of which was fixed for the first time in 1831 by Commander (afterward Sir) James Clark Ross on the western shore of Boothia Felix, in latitude 70° 5' N., longitude 96° 47' W. Whether he has actually done so is not clear from the dispatches.

It was argued over and again before the Immigration Conference here last week that the questions of Chinese exclusion and boycott of American goods were entirely unrelated, and each should be considered solely on its own merits. It will be hard to find support for this view, however, in the "agreement" reached on Sunday between the American merchants at Hong Kong, the Chinese guilds, and the boycott committees. The means by which the boycott can be ended turn out to be almost ludicrously simple. Merely adopt a reasonable definition of "laborer," liberalize the certificate system, give the Chinese Government a veto on our administrative regulations, treat the Chinese within our borders like citizens of the most-favored nation, let them bring their families, abolish registration, admit coolies to the Philippines and Hawaii—and, presto! our cotton goods will again be worn in the Flowery Kingdom. If only our merchants across the Pacific had power to bind our Government to such a compact, we should smile that such a petty dispute was ever allowed to disturb this country at all. The trouble is, that these are negotiations in which the negotiators on the American side have even less power to speak with authority than if they were our plenipotentiaries drafting an arbitration treaty.

Bebel's affirmation that what is going on in Russia is stirring the German laboring population to its depths, is not to be laughed away by the Government benches. The Prussian Poles not only live alongside their Russian brothers, but speak the same tongue and have the same aspirations. They cannot but be affected by what is going on. Compared with Russia, Germany is, of course, a liberal country; yet the reactionary tendencies of the bureaucracy and the heavy military burdens the country bears, as well as the social unrest which drives so many to emigrate, create a condition of affairs which must make the Emperor watch Russian events most carefully. Some of the liberalizing seed is sure to be wafted across the borders and fall upon fertile ground. Hence it is very uncomfortable to have a truth-teller like Bebel declare that the proletariat, and not the Cabinets, will hereafter decide the questions of war and peace; and that if the country is not made what it should be, the workingmen will not fight to defend it. That is a whip which can be cracked most effectively; moreover, Bebel's prophecies and warnings have an unhappy way of coming true, as witness his utterances against the colonial policy a few years ago. And the worst of it is, he cannot be arrested for treason or be said to have exceeded his Constitutional rights in criticising the Emperor.

THE INCOMING ENGLISH LIBERALS

A comparison of the men with whom the new Liberal Premier replaces the outgoing Balfour Ministry, shows how absurd is the notion that wisdom will die with the latter. Yet this has been the tacit assumption, and sometimes the open assertion, of the Conservatives for several years back. They only were "fit to rule." Occasional mistakes they might, indeed, make—though mighty they were mortal; but how could the country think with anything but horror of falling into the hands of the inept Liberals? Well, Balfour has at last resigned, and with him goes but one first-class man, Lord Lansdowne; the rest of his Cabinet, as it was left by the secession of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord George Hamilton, Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Ritchie, and Mr. Chamberlain, were all mediocrities or nonentities. Man for man, they will not compare with the Ministers whom Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman now summons to his assistance. Sir Edward Grey is Lord Lansdowne's equal in charge of foreign affairs; while either John Morley, Mr. Asquith, or Mr. Bryce dwarfs any of the remaining men who went out with Balfour. And this is to say nothing of Sir Henry Fowler or Sir Robert Reid, Mr. Haldane, the Earl of Aberdeen, or Augustine Birrell. So much for the comfortable claim that the Conservative party is alone *capax imperii*.

It is true that the new Liberal Premier does not, in talents, measure up to his predecessors. Sir Henry is far from being the typical Liberal leader. Even five years ago, it was thought impossible that he should ever become Prime Minister. He has few dashing or popular qualities; is not eloquent, not fertile in Parliamentary initiative or party policy; is not eaten up of reforming zeal. Yet it is generally admitted that the Premiership, whether he holds it long or not, is fairly his. Why? Because he stuck by the Liberal party when its fortunes were at the lowest, and, as its leader in the House against a powerful and complacent Government, made a sturdy fight year in and year out. Sir William Harcourt had thrown up the job in disgust; Lord Rosebery would make a brilliant speech and then run away; other Liberals shunned the contest; but the cautious, good-natured, hard-headed, and indomitable Scotchman stood at his post, defending the party through good report and evil report, until at last this very doggedness and unconquerable hope awakened a kind of admiring enthusiasm. The English like a man who will go on taking punishment with smiles and fighting to the end. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's bull-dog tenacity at last began to give him a strong hold upon the British public. Some time last year, we are informed, the Harmsworth newspapers,

which had been laughing immoderately at the idea of Sir Henry's ever becoming Premier, caused a quiet canvass of opinion to be made in various parts of the country. The net result was the warning: "It won't do to treat C. B. so disrespectfully. He is getting to be very popular."

Like Mr. Balfour the Liberal Prime Minister proposes to lead the House. For this difficult task he is well fitted by long experience, a good head for business, and, as well, a nice sense of what will and what will not "go" in the Commons. In this latter particular, Mr. Balfour was sometimes deficient. He did not always know how, as Burke said Charles Townshend did, to hit the sentiment of the House between wind and water. Bannerman will seldom fail in that respect; and he will doubtless be able, better than Mr. Balfour, to keep the public business in hand. But it is impossible to think of him as anything but a stop-gap Prime Minister. He may succeed in conciliating for a time the diverse elements of his party; but he is not the man to weld them into a powerful instrument for political reform and national progress. So it is not strange that we hear rumors of his going to the Lords, after a year or two, and turning over the Premiership to a younger man—Sir Edward Grey, it is thought.

These questions of Liberal personnel count for more just now than speculations about Liberal policy. That any party programme will be put forward until after the general election is highly improbable. The new Ministry is not expected to face the present Parliament at all. It will, therefore, have no King's Speech to write until after the new House is chosen. Election addresses will, of course, be made by Liberal candidates, but their burden will be: "Elect us to clear up the mess left by Balfour." Undoubtedly, there will be also a good deal of sharp attack on Mr. Chamberlain. He is now the real head of the Tory party. He has the Conservative organization largely within his control, and is doubtless correct in asserting that he has nine-tenths of the voters. His activity will be great in the canvass; his speeches most quoted; his tariff programme the chief issue. If the Liberals should be beaten, Chamberlain would be the next Prime Minister; the King would ask him to form a Ministry as inevitably as the Queen did Mr. Gladstone in 1880, though he then, like Mr. Chamberlain now, was not the titular leader of his party. And if the Liberals win, as in all human probability they will with ease, Chamberlain, not Balfour, will be the leader of the Opposition, notwithstanding the latter's advertisement to the contrary.

But the formulation of Liberal policy cannot long be delayed, and there are discordant voices. The everlasting Irish question will not down. The Liberals

may have an independent majority; there are many indications that they will. Or the Irish may prove unexpectedly reasonable. They have no better or more tried friend than John Morley, and his advice to them is not to insist that Home Rule be the first item in the Liberal programme. Even if an Irish bill passed the House, it would be thrown out in the Lords; and to dissolve on that issue at once, or to break up the Ministry, would be to put off Ireland's hope still further. The Irish National Convention last week declared that Home Rule must be "cardinal" in the Liberal policy. That does not mean that it must come first. There is a difference between cardinals and ordinals. Moreover, the selection of Mr. Bryce as Chief Secretary of Ireland is such a propitiation as could hardly be offered in the person of any other statesman, and promises at least a cessation of the existing petty persecutions so startlingly exposed in these columns recently by our Dublin correspondent.

THE PRESIDENT AS STUDENT.

We learn from the *Sun's* correspondent in Rome that the Pope has ordered a translation of President Roosevelt's messages into Italian. His Holiness, it appears, following the example of Leo XIII., is preparing an encyclical on social problems, and craves the advantage of studying Mr. Roosevelt's authoritative utterances. This is a gratifying recognition of the labors of an American investigator, for the President's messages reveal clearly that he has been an assiduous student of economic and social problems. To review his recommendations to Congress, upon these subjects, since 1901, is to gain fresh admiration for the ardor with which he has pursued his researches in a field that was new to him.

In his first message as President, December 3, 1901, Mr. Roosevelt did little more than state his conviction that we were "face to face with very serious social problems." It is true that, in his usual way of balancing opposites—"there have been abuses, yet it remains true"; "all this is true, and yet it is also true," etc.—he filled a couple of columns with discussion of Trusts and of the regulation of corporations, but his single demand was for publicity of accounts. "Publicity is the only sure remedy which we can now invoke." He took notice of the outcry against the railways, and thought the Interstate Commerce act should be amended—though he did not say how—but added the warning: "It must not be forgotten that our railways are the arteries through which the commercial life-blood of this nation flows. Nothing could be more foolish than the enactment of legislation which would unnecessarily interfere with the development and oper-

ation of these commercial agencies." This shows how far a rate-bill was then from having risen upon his horizon.

In his message of 1902, the President was certain that "no more important subject" could come before Congress than "curbing and regulating combinations of capital." He generously left it to the wisdom of Congress to devise "a law reasonable in its provisions and effective in its operation." For himself, he asked only for a special appropriation "for the better enforcement of the anti-Trust law as it now stands." Congress, it will be remembered, promptly gave him that appropriation. It also, through the creation of the Bureau of Corporations, put his one "sure remedy" of publicity within his grasp. And with these steps the President in his message of 1903 appeared to be entirely content. He declared them a "real advance in the direction of doing all that is possible." "The progress has been by evolution, not by revolution. Nothing radical has been done; the action has been both moderate and resolute. Therefore the work will stand." Hence the surprise with which we discover in the message of 1905 that it is "increasingly evident that there will be very insufficient beneficial result" from enforcing anti-Trust legislation; while his "sure remedy" of publicity appears to have also broken in his hand.

Some had drawn the inference from Mr. Roosevelt's absolute silence about railway regulation throughout the Presidential campaign of 1904, that he had ceased to study that subject. But they were undeceived when his December message was published. Though his party platform had ignored the matter altogether, he informed Congress that a grant of power to the Interstate Commerce Commission to make railway rates was "the most important legislative act now needed." Every one knows how he strove to secure such an act last winter, agreeing to throw over tariff reform and suppress his special tariff message to obtain it, but in vain. For present purposes, however, we wish only to show how his study of the problem has been steadily pushed. Because his mind was fully made up in 1904, it does not follow that he is not ready to accept new light in 1905. The best way to mark the progress of his studies is to print the corresponding parts of his messages of 1904 and 1905 in parallel columns:

1904. "In my judgment the most important legislative act now needed . . . is this act to confer on the Interstate Commerce Commission the power to revise rates and regulations, the revised rate to at once go into effect, and to stay in effect unless and until the court of review reverses it."	1905. "In my judgment . . . some competent administrative body should have the power to decide . . . to prescribe the limit of rate, beyond which it shall not be lawful to go—this decision to go into effect within a reasonable time, and to obtain from thence onwards, subject to review by the courts."
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The President also lays great stress

this year upon the point that what he recommends is "not to give the Commission power to initiate or originate rates generally, but to regulate a rate already fixed or originated by the roads." It may be, however, that in time his studies will extend to a decision of the Supreme Court touching upon this attempted distinction. That tribunal held, when passing upon it, that "if power existed, as is claimed, there would be no escape from the conclusion that it would be within the discretion of the Commission, of its own motion, to suggest that all the interstate rates on all the roads of the country were unjust and unreasonable. . . . direct a hearing, and upon such hearing make one general order reaching to every road and covering every rate." A quotation from one of the Commission's reports may also aid the President: "Every case before the Commission, however trivial it may appear, involves in its disposition the formulation of principles under the law which have important bearing upon the business and commerce not only of the immediate locality, but often of the entire country."

Mr. Roosevelt's open-mindedness as a student of economic problems is declared by the *Tribune's* Washington correspondent to have been demonstrated afresh. First, his Commission-made rate was to go into effect "at once"; next, "after a reasonable time"; now, it is stated, the President is ready to agree that it shall not go into effect until after the courts have said it should, provided the railways will give a bond to pay the difference in case the decision goes against them. All this is interesting as showing how eager the President is in quest of light. With other earnest students, he modifies his views from time to time, though they have not his privilege of urgently recommending that each fleeting conviction be enacted into law.

THAT CHASTITY OF HONOR.

Honor was the subject of Joseph H. Choate's story as he spoke at the bankers' dinner last week. The theme was timely, for the heads of two of the largest financial institutions in the world have just resigned in disgrace, and a third is likely to follow. The disclosures in regard to the looting of our great insurance companies have involved not merely the officers and directors of these concerns, not merely shady promoters and the venal politicians who have been leeches upon the bodies of the corporations, but bankers, financiers, and presidents of trust companies who have hitherto stood well in public esteem. This crash of supposedly solid reputations is due to an obvious cause. Men have been unable to resist the temptation to steal when they have seen before them a huge pile of money from

which, as they argued, a few hundred thousands or a few millions would never be missed.

The effect of these revelations upon plain people who call "window-dressing" perjury, "legal expenses" bribery, and "adjustment of accounts" embezzlement, is not yet fully understood in Wall Street. Simple-minded farmers, workmen, shopkeepers, and professional men of limited income, in every part of the country, are sending their insurance proxies by the thousand to Thomas W. Lawson of Boston. They know very little about Lawson, but they are sure that he is not James W. Alexander, Richard A. McCurdy, or John A. McCall; and they hear that he professes to be fighting the "Wall Street system." Accordingly they take their chances with him. In fact, matters have come to such a pass that any man who denounces Wall Street loudly enough can summon a respectable following. "The trouble," says your average stock-broker, "is that the plain people are fools." Undeniably these plain people are ignorant of the career of Lawson and his vulnerability. But that is not the radical difficulty. Lawson is formidable because the men whom he attacks—Addicks, for example—have too often been indifferent to the principles of common honesty, and have defied the decencies of civilized life. Skill as financiers they have indubitably possessed. But they have played fast and loose with their own money and that of other people. They have been common gamblers. They have rioted in luxury in our gilded hosteleries; they have bought women as recklessly as they have bought wine.

Ability and scrupulous honesty in the management of a fiduciary institution are such elementary requirements that we need not discuss them. But an officer in a trust company, a bank, an insurance company, or any such corporation, must be something more than keen and honest. He must show stability of character in all relations of life. This chastity of honor is the thing which Wall Street has too often made light of. When Charles M. Schwab plunged at Monte Carlo, the men who are used to speculating in stocks and to a hand of poker at the club thought nothing of the performance; but a shiver went down the spine of every small stockholder in Steel. The manager of that vast organization may have known more than any one else about manufacturing and marketing steel, but he lacked character. He was a gambler. That incident was the beginning of the end of Mr. Schwab's connection with the Steel Corporation. When he tossed a coin upon the green baize table he killed public faith in himself as a man.

A week ago Mr. Schwab's successor, William Ellis Corey, issued a statement admitting "irreconcilable differences"

with his wife, but defending the conduct of the other woman in the case, a much-advertised actress. Yet Judge Elbert Henry Gary, chairman of the executive committee of the Steel Corporation, is quoted as saying, "I see no reason why any one should think Mr. Corey will or ought to tender his resignation as president." No reason? If, under the circumstances commonly reported, Mr. Corey prefers another woman to his own wife, his usefulness in a high position of trust is at an end. He is marked as a man in whose character the possession of riches has developed the gravest defects.

"This," reply his defenders, "is a hard saying. You lay upon him a heavy burden. Men in many other walks of life are not cross-questioned as to their habits of eating and drinking, their indulgence in games of chance, their relations with women, their ways of spending their income. They can do as they like with their own money." It is a hard saying, but it is true. The private life of a lawyer or a merchant may be as lax as his conscience will allow, because he is answerable only for himself. But a man who takes a position of trust—from a minor clerkship in a bank to the presidency of a Steel Corporation—has deliberately assumed obligations, not only to keep his fingers out of the till, but to carry himself so upright in all his ways that no man can suspect his fidelity. He cannot do as he likes with his own money if he likes to affront the moral sense of the community. And in this point the wisdom of the world is not foolishness. Experience as old as humanity proves that the gambler, the drunkard, and the debauchee, however alert their intellectual faculties, are not in the long run trustworthy. If any fact is writ large in human nature, it is this. Men forget it while they are making money faster than they can spend it. Men forget it when they cut loose from former associates and escape from the social pressure of early environment. Our newly rich, in Wall Street and out, have signally forgotten it in the last decade. But the law is still immutable.

A LEGISLATIVE CLEARING-HOUSE.

It is related that once, when an important Congressional committee was giving hearings on some bill, an unknown man rose and asked the privilege of being heard. "What interest do you represent?" asked the chairman. "No interest at all," was the answer; "I want to speak for the public." The request was so extraordinary that it naturally elicited a roar of laughter, but the story illustrates the extent to which our legislative bodies are accustomed to rely for their information upon persons directly interested, one way or the other, in proposed legislation.

The lobbyist's power does not depend merely on the money he spends or the material favors he is able to bestow on members. His superior grasp of the questions up for consideration, his marshalling of the facts which support his own side when no one has ready those on the other, make his influence often strong over the best-intentioned legislator. When there are such interested experts opposed to each other, the resultant of their claims may be wise and moderate enactments; but when only an unorganized and unrepresented public is opposed to them, we have the great mass of special-privilege legislation. Meanwhile, the several States, which have the best opportunity in the world for watching each other's experiments, have, in fact, neither profited by successes, nor been warned by failures beyond their own borders.

How to remedy this condition of affairs has long been a practical question. In some respects New York has taken the lead in providing the material for intelligent legislation. The annual summaries of State enactments issued at Albany are known all over the country. But such a legislative library as ours is a thing of slow growth. In the *Review of Reviews* this month Prof. John R. Commons describes the simpler system which has been employed in Wisconsin during the past three years for supplying needed information to the Legislature while in session.

"A legislative clipping bureau" is what Professor Commons calls this adjunct. Its functions can best be described by quoting from the circular sent out to all Senators and Assemblymen in advance of the last session by Dr. Charles McCarthy, the "legislative reference librarian":

"If you will inform us of any subjects you wish to investigate," it says, "as far as we have the material, time, and means, we will tell you—

"(1.) What States have passed laws on any particular subject.

"(2.) Where bills for similar laws are under discussion.

"(3.) What bills on any subject have been recently introduced in our Legislature.

"(4.) Where valuable discussions of any subject may be obtained.

"As far as possible, with our limited force and means, we will send you abstracts of useful material, and answer any questions pertaining to legislative matters. It is not our province to convince members of the Legislature upon disputed points. We shall simply aid them to get material to study subjects in which they are interested as public officials."

The information furnished to members is timely, and it is already digested; in these two qualities lies its peculiar value. By arrangement with some of the State newspapers, "exchanges" from all parts of the country are placed at the disposal of the reference room. As the session advances, the telegraph is used extensively to obtain in the shortest possible time such specific facts as may be wanted by members—as, for instance, to verify statements contained in testi-

mony given before committees. While the most effective service is necessarily given on questions which have long been pending, the authors of "brand-new" schemes of political regeneration can likewise be shown what other minds have worked out along the same lines. How far the plan has proved a discouragement of "freak" legislation we do not know, but this should be one of its important functions.

The average legislator, East or West, is not an habitual user of libraries. He is rather impatient of getting up a topic unless he has an accomplished secretary to do it for him. This is where the Wisconsin plan seems especially practical. The Senator's request for data on such and such a topic will bring him, say, a dozen newspaper clippings from various parts of the country, a report issued in Massachusetts, some legislative testimony from Oregon, type-written extracts from the latest standard books on the subject—the books themselves he can read later if he is still interested—and, perhaps, some letters from unofficial sources describing the working of the statutes passed elsewhere. Not a sentence is included that is not strictly germane.

Doubtless the member who depends on this service alone, will never attain real mastery of the political questions before him, but the equipment which he does obtain is, in the majority of cases, a clear gain to the State. In Wisconsin the non-partisan character of the work has been secured by placing it under the unpaid and non-political Free Library Commission. The entire annual cost is but \$4,500, and so little is the department burdened by outworn or unnecessary material that, although its entire equipment was destroyed by fire in 1903, it has already recovered its efficiency. The members of the Wisconsin Legislature declare they would not do without it on any terms, while several other States, California and Maryland among them, we believe, have already established bureaus on the same pattern. As these will be able to help each other, this should mean still more effective work in the future.

MARK TWAIN AT SEVENTY.

The most significant thing about the dinner to Mark Twain on December 5 was the greeting from forty of the leading men of letters of England. No other American author, we are confident, could receive such a tribute. In the opinion of foreigners, Mark Twain is the greatest of living American writers. An interesting side-light is thrown on his fame by an incident in Kipling's first visit to America, some fifteen years ago. Mark Twain was the man of whom Kipling had heard, and whom, above others, he wished to see. In the interval since then his reputation has grown,

both at home and abroad. Bret Harte, whose name was often coupled with his, is dead. No one is left to dispute his preëminence, or even to compare with him.

He did not, however, come into his own at once. People were suspicious of him because he was not born and bred to the literary traditions of Boston, New York, or Philadelphia. Nor did he, when at last he had fairly started on his career, accept the conventions of his generation and conform to the standards of either of these three centres of culture. He was not reared with Hawthorne, Lowell, Longfellow, and Holmes; and consequently New England pitied him. He never attended the so-called "Knickerbocker School"; and New York saw at once that he suffered much from lack of early advantages. True, his essays and sketches used to appear in the staid pages of the *Atlantic*, but they were a horrible shock to the dowager duchesses of Boston. The *Atlantic*, however, was erratic. It not only tolerated Mark Twain, but for a time it was edited by a man named Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who had not graduated from Harvard, indeed had never attended college, and who was therefore not a member of the Brahmin caste. These literary pariahs, however, occasionally get on in spite of deficiencies in taste and education. Mr. Aldrich, for example, managed to write some things that people have condescended to read. Indeed, one of his stories, "Marjorie Daw," so took the fancy of a budding author that, changing the name of the personages of the tale, he kindly offered to sell it to the *Evening Post*. What is worth stealing must have some merit. Mark Twain's success has been more dazzling than Mr. Aldrich's—and with good reason.

He knows America and knows it whole. Born in Missouri seventy years ago, he saw every type of man, woman, and child, white and black, that lived in the vast Mississippi Valley. As pilot on a Mississippi steamboat he made the acquaintance of the pioneers from New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and the Western Reserve, who pushed across the prairies and filled the vacant lands of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, and Kansas. He was scarcely less at home in the Gulf States, for which the Mississippi was the great highway. As Territorial secretary of Nevada and editor of the Virginia City *Enterprise*, he knew at first hand the mining camps of the Pacific Coast, the gamblers, the railway builders, and the politicians. He has dwelt for many years in the East. He has travelled extensively. He has read widely. With some native talent to start with, he has in the slow course of time picked up almost as good an equipment for literary work as a man will get in four years at Harvard or Columbia.

He has not devoted himself to carving cherry-stones according to academic rules, but to the best of his ability he has written books to read. Delicate questions of usage have not troubled him any more than they troubled Shakespeare or Defoe; he has had larger problems on his mind. We do not, we trust, undervalue choice, exact, and even academic English. A careless, sloppy style is not virtue. Misusing words and taking the edge off their meaning is the favorite amusement of fools. But Mark Twain has had stories to tell—big ones and good ones. His swift, racy style—words of the people as the people understand them—smelling of the soil, is as excellent in its kind as the classic sentences of Hawthorne. In 'Huckleberry Finn' and 'Tom Sawyer' he had matter enough to last an ordinary novelist a lifetime. That, after all, is the essential. The manner, we admit, is not that of the late Walter Pater in 'Marius the Epicurean.' It is—if the two writers be at all commensurable—far better.

Yet it is the bulk of Mark Twain's work, rather than the admirable handling of details, that gives it power. To say nothing of his ventures into historical romance—he has shown us on an extensive scale surpassingly vivid pictures of many phases of our life. "Here," cry his European eulogists, "is America as it is or was." They are right. 'Huckleberry Finn' is a cross-section of Missouri and lower Illinois. You may rise from the perusal, feeling that you have actually lived there, that you know intimately a whole social stratum of antebellum days, and that you have enjoyed one of the most entertaining and moving tales in our language. The episode of that feud between the Grangerfords and the Shepherdsons, with the men running along the river-bank, shooting at the swimming boys, and shouting "Kill them! kill them!" grips the memory like those stirring scenes where Crusoe came upon the footprints of the savages and the outlaws stormed the castle of Front de Boeuf.

In saying this we mean that Mark Twain is a much greater man than the humorist of 'The Jumping Frog.' That he is a humorist of the first rank no discriminating person has dreamed of denying for the last thirty years. But he is a humanist as well, if we accept the term in its broader sense—one versed in human affairs. His humor has served to keep clear and steady his vision of human relations, has helped him to pierce the sophistries of politicians, and to test the fleeting fashions of a day by eternal principles, has closed his ears to the passing cries of party, and enabled him to stand with courage, and to lift a voice that carries far, for justice and mercy to all men, of all colors, in all lands.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

The man who, by common consent, personifies the purely moral anti-slavery agitation leading up to the Civil War, and the centenary of whose birth was widely celebrated on Sunday last, is no subject for subtle analysis. His emotions, impulses, mental operations were direct, his action frank and open, his zeal absolutely unselfish and uncalculating, his persistence measured not by the hopefulness of his cause, but by the accomplished fact of emancipation. The arts of management and intrigue were foreign to him, the resort to any but peaceful and persuasive methods abhorrent. He opposed to the tender mercies of the slaveholder a world-wide benevolence and the non-resistant spirit of a martyr. He drew adherents to himself by the warmth and fire of his convictions, but also by the transparent ingenuousness of his moral nature. No more child-like reformer ever brought down upon his devoted head the mob cries of madman, fanatic, infidel, incendiary, insurrectionist, traitor to his country.

The positive traits which redeemed from obscurity a humanitarian youth of humble birth and needy circumstances, were first an almost haughty self-reliance.

"As to the political course of the [Newburyport] *Free Press*," his first venture, in his twenty-first year, he said in his salutatory, "it shall be, in the widest extent of the term, independent. . . . Its principles shall be open, magnanimous, and free. It shall be subservient to no party or body of men; and neither the craven fear of loss, nor the threats of the disappointed, nor the influence of power, shall ever awe one single opinion into silence. Honest and fair discussion it will court; and its columns will be open to all temperate and intelligent communications, emanating from whatever political source. In fine, he [the editor-publisher] will say with Cicero: 'Reason shall prevail with him more than public opinion.'"

This motto he placed at the head of the campaign *Journal of the Times*, edited in 1828-9 at Bennington, on behalf of the Vermont supporters of John Quincy Adams's reelection. And again he declared: "In the first place, the *Journal* shall be INDEPENDENT, in the broadest and stoutest signification of the term; it shall be trammelled by no interest, biassed by no sect, awed by no power." In January, 1831, he thus gave notice in the salutatory to his *Liberator*—a standard of emancipation lifted up "within sight of Bunker Hill and in the birthplace of liberty": "I shall not array myself as the political partisan of any man. In defending the great cause of human rights, I wish to derive the assistance of all religions and of all parties." And a few months later: "The public shall not be imposed upon, and men and things shall be called by their right names. I retract nothing—I blot out nothing. My language is exactly such as suits me; it will displease many, I know—to displease them is my intention. Here I must advertise, that further advice will be considered intrusive. I do not want it." And again, at twenty-nine, still more eloquently, in a burst of impatience:

"There are many calling themselves anti-slavery men who, because they are only 'half-fledged' themselves, and have neither the strength nor the courage to soar, must needs flutter and scream because my spirit will not stoop in its flight heavenward, and come down to their filthy nest. It has gone, it is going, upward with a strong and steady

wing, and it shall neither sink nor rest until it reach an eternal dwelling-place."

In such glowing and erect passages stand out, as unmistakably as in any ever penned:

"La schiva anima, e il retto
Non domabile ingegno, e l'ira e il forte
Spregio pe' villi, e la parola franca."

The next trait was marked originality in policy and methods. Garrison did not invent the doctrine of immediate emancipation, but he first breathed into it the breath of life. He founded the first militant journal under that sign, the first anti-slavery organizations, State and national, to plant the banner on the breastworks of the Slave Power. He was the first publicly to convene and address the despised free people of color with words of cheer and rallying; the first "with whom"—as his action was scornfully interpreted by a leading Northern divine of the day—"it seems an object worth ambition to lead the free people of color and to receive the homage of their applause." He was the author of the doctrine of "No Union with Slaveholders," which supplied the missing plate in the crusader's armor. It completed the antithesis to the Slave Power—ever threatening disunion; it furnished a touchstone to every political organization pretending to find support of the existing Union compatible with pure anti-slavery professions; as a self-denying ordinance against voting or taking office under a pro-slavery Constitution, it demonstrated the disinterestedness of the Garrisonian abolitionists; above all, it divested that body of reformers of the last shred of responsibility for slavery. It was complemented by the as often misquoted as censured Scriptural definition of the ante-bellum Constitution as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell"—Mr. Garrison's own selection from his favorite moral arsenal.

He was, if not the first to discern the Colonization Society's pro-slavery affinity and alliance—the free colored people of the North had anticipated him—the one who shattered it at a blow in a pamphlet deriving its chief weight from quotations from the Society's own reports: "Out of thine own mouth will I condemn thee." In keeping with this was the standing department in the *Liberator* known as "The Refuge of Oppression," into which he was satisfied to gather without other refutation than the damnatory label whatever the enemies of the cause uttered in their own behalf or in defamation of the abolitionists. "The establishment of that Museum," wrote Edmund Quincy, "we believe was a strictly original idea with Mr. Garrison. We apprehend that he was the first man who ever set up for show the caricatures which were made of himself, and the stones and dirt with which he had been pelted; and who kept on hand a gibbet on which anybody that pleased might hang him in effigy."

Power of expression was nature's genius gift to this graduate of the grammar school and the printing-office. As a writer, remarkable for his precocious maturity of style; and as a speaker, he had a vigor consonant with his leadership. He had a just sense of the weight of phraseology, and a scrupulous regard for fitness of epithet. His language was never unmeasured; in the salutatory to the *Liberator*, he disposed of the charge that it

was harsh and was retarding his propaganda. "I will be," he maintained, "as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice." In an equally impassioned period, three years later, he sums up in self-justification the amazing progress of the agitation he had set in motion, concluding that "Greater success than I have had, no man could reasonably desire, or humbly expect. Greater success no man could obtain, peradventure, without endangering his reliance upon an almighty arm." Passing in felicitous review the manner of writing of his leading associates, from Whittier to Birney, he pertinently asks, "Of the foregoing list, who is viewed with complacency, or preferred over another, by slaveholders or their apologists? . . . As soon as any man becomes hostile to colonization and friendly to abolition, is he not at once recognized and stamped by the enemy as a *Garrisonite*?" And later he could ask what the sophistical white-washing of the Constitution by the political anti-slavery wing availed them in propitiating the Slave Power more than his own blunt Old-Testament metaphoric "covenant with death and agreement with hell."

By the apposite choice of a word he differentiated from all preceding and succeeding peace societies the "Non-resistance Society," founded mainly by him in 1838. The adjective he insisted on was a creed, and allowed no room for half-way adjustment to a society resting on force. His originality was here again apparent, as was his independence in repelling attempted sectarian control of his movement. In this controversy, which split his ranks in two, he became quite unconsciously a pioneer in the cause of woman's equality, which he promoted to the fullest extent, memorably at the London World's Anti-Slavery Convention in 1840, when the exclusion (partly engineered from America) of his female co-delegates determined him to refuse a seat in that body, though after Clarkson he was the most distinguished member. It was his lot to link the philanthropy of Great Britain and the United States in the closest ties for the abolition of slavery, and to achieve a popular recognition across the water which was denied him in his native land. After the Civil War, in which the relations of England and the United States had been perilously strained, Garrison more naturally than any American could be received in England as a mediator. At the breakfast given to him in London in 1867, the Duke of Argyll so accepted him, in words which may properly close this necessarily restricted estimate:

"Let us remember with joy and thankfulness that only a few years ago the present reception could not have been given to Mr. Garrison. He was not then the representative of a people, of a country, or of a government. He was the representative only of a party in the United States. . . . Now, thank God, Mr. Garrison appears before us as the representative of the United States; freedom is now the policy of the Government and the assured policy of the country, and we can to-day accept and welcome Mr. Garrison not merely as the liberator of the slaves, but as the representative also of the American Government. . . . On the ground of the Cause of which he was the great champion, of the peculiar service which he has rendered to that cause, and of the People whom he represents, we desire to give Mr. Garrison a hearty welcome."

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, November 28, 1905.

The present state of affairs is noteworthy. It presents one feature of immediate interest and another feature of permanent importance.

The immediate interest of the situation lies in the revelation to the whole world of a fact which has long been perceived by every careful observer. Each of the great political parties is a house divided against itself. The fiscal question has split Unionists into two opposed bodies, which, unless loyalty to the Union triumphs over every other sentiment, may any day become hostile camps. Mr. Balfour's well-meant attempt to minimize essential differences has, as such endeavors are apt to do, widened the breach which it was meant to close. Mr. Chamberlain has insisted upon the necessity of a policy which every Free Trader must identify with Protection. It is likely enough that the rumors of the Cabinet's intended resignation were not put in circulation by any Unionist leader. They may well be nothing else than the predictions of journalists whose prophecies take the form of assertion. But then, shrewd critics base their forecast of the future on the effects naturally to be expected from the known circumstances of the time. The Cabinet may either resign office or advise a dissolution of Parliament; but few observers doubt, or at any rate doubted till a day or two ago, that either course would terminate the existence of the present Government. The weakness of the Ministry is the more remarkable for two reasons. It has not been brought about by any personal hostility between the two men who at the present minute guide, in Parliament at least, the policy of the Unionists. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain have on every suitable occasion used expressions of mutual esteem, not to say affection. It would be mere cynicism to suppose that these avowals of friendship were but expressions of diplomatic or political hypocrisy. English gentlemen, even when engaged in public affairs, generally speak the truth.

Personal ill-will has had little to do with bringing about a political crisis. Nor, again, is there any reason to suppose that the electors of Great Britain have become Home Rulers. The obvious and the undeniable cause of discord among Unionists is the existence of the fiscal question. The policy of Free Trade and the policy of Protection do not admit of reconciliation. Logic, in the long run, rules the world. The difficulty of combined action among large bodies of men is at bottom caused by fundamental differences of opinion. Free Traders attribute a great deal too much to the errors and the rashness, grave though they may be, of Mr. Chamberlain. The opponents of Protection would much strengthen their own cause if they freely admitted that Mr. Chamberlain is not wanting in a certain kind of insight. A policy which every Free Trader would call Protection does undoubtedly commend itself to a larger number of Englishmen than any one supposed ten years ago. Mr. Chamberlain has under-rated the determination of the electors to adhere to the policy identified with the repeal of the Corn Laws; but critics who, like the present writer, do not share Mr. Cham-

berlain's economical ideas, ought to concede that he is justified in the belief that these ideas are in one shape or another popular among a considerable number of electors. However this may be, a distinct and very intelligible division of opinion among the supporters of the Ministry threatens to bring about the fall of the Government.

But then, the last few days have made patent a fact which intelligent critics have long suspected, that irreconcilable differences of opinion divide the Opposition. The question of Home Rule can no more be shirked in 1905 than in 1886. Men who seem prepared to assume at any moment the responsibilities of government, are at variance as to their Irish policy. They are less agreed as to the attitude to be taken up towards Home Rule than they were in 1893. The ostensible leader of the party has hoisted the Home Rule flag. Lord Rosebery, who was the last Liberal Prime Minister, has declared that this is a flag under which he will never serve. Attempts are made to explain away a vital difference. Though Lord Rosebery has contradicted Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, we are told, has not yet contradicted Lord Rosebery. The rash Earl—that *enfant terrible* of the Opposition—has raised a question, it is suggested, which need not be answered till the day after to-morrow—that is, we presume, till the end of the next Parliament, or, say, till 1912. All these apologies or explanations are futile. The issue between the two leaders of the Opposition is plainly joined: they may each or either of them try to withdraw their dispute from the verdict of the country. This will avail them nothing. The electors may be dullards, but they are not fools. They know, and will be reminded, that the greater part of the Opposition are bent not on the production of a Home Rule bill, but on a far more dangerous experiment, namely, the carrying through of a policy of Home Rule, and that to this policy a minority, but a minority containing the most influential members of the so-called Liberal party, is opposed.

The difference, moreover, between the followers of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and of Lord Rosebery does not concern any speculative inquiry; it touches a matter which, from the moment the Opposition enters into office, will become the question of the day. Is the law of the land, including in that term the provisions of the Crimes Act, to be enforced in Ireland as vigorously as the law of the land is enforced in Great Britain? On the answer to this inquiry depends the whole Irish policy of the Government, and the safety of every Irishman who is loyal to the Union. It is a question which will require an instant, a decided, and an unmistakable answer. Every one, moreover, knows that, in his denunciation of Home Rule, Lord Rosebery represents the will of the nation. The predominant partner has not turned Home Ruler, though he has remained a Free Trader.

Lord Rosebery's insight surpasses his firmness. He may conceivably explain away language which admits of but one interpretation; but retraction itself will, at the present moment, avail nothing. It may deeply injure his own reputation, it will not affect the public. His spoken words

and the words of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will live. Unionists now know that a vote for a supporter of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman will be a vote for Home Rule. They know, too, that some of the ablest members of the Opposition will not fight for Home Rule. Many Unionists are convinced that neither the supporters of the existing Ministry nor the majority of the Opposition fairly represent the whole will of the nation. This is the fact which complicates and confuses the whole political situation. The matter of immediate interest is to observe the result of this confusion, and to ascertain whether there be any statesman or body of statesmen who, by putting an end to a false position, can save the country from grave and pressing dangers.

The permanent importance of a peculiar state of affairs lies in the proof that the system of government existing in modern England has for the moment broken down. Every one admits that one object of a popular government is that the policy and the legislation of the country shall in the main and in the long run be in conformity with the will or the judgment of the electors. But an impartial observer must admit the possibility, many would say the high probability, that the majority of the electors of the United Kingdom wish to maintain both a policy of Free Trade and the existing legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland. Of course, Chamberlainites believe that the country has become wearied of "Free Trade," at any rate as that term was understood sixty years ago. Of course, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his followers believe that the country has come round, or is coming round, to the policy of Home Rule. A newspaper correspondent has no claim to infallibility. Either Mr. Chamberlain or the official leader of the Opposition may be right; one thing, however, is past dispute. If, as is possible, the true wish of the country is to support at once freedom of trade and the union with Ireland, it is absolutely impossible, as things now stand, for the electorate to give expression at the next general election to the true wishes of the country. A vote for the Opposition may secure Free Trade, but it will endanger the Union, and sanction, at any rate, a policy leading towards Home Rule. A vote in favor of the Government—or, for that matter, in favor of Mr. Chamberlain—will be the condemnation of any tampering with the Act of Union, but may sanction a policy of Protection.

Nor is this all. The ambiguity of the situation may prevent the result of a general election from having any decisive effect or any conclusive moral authority. Assume that the vote of the people goes in favor of the Opposition. Who will dare to give to this vote a clear interpretation? There is at least the risk that a vote in favor of Free Trade may be misinterpreted as a vote in favor of a policy leading to Home Rule. The perplexities of the time are increased by an effect of our present mode of voting, which, if my memory does not deceive me, was anticipated neither by the opponents nor by the advocates of vote by ballot. Secret voting has taken from a general election more than half its instructiveness. No one can now say for certain who are the men whose votes have brought about a change of government. No one, therefore,

can assert with confidence what were the motives by which the voters were influenced. When, in 1841, Peel returned to office, every one could tell the extent to which Whigs had been converted to Conservatism. If the present Opposition obtains a majority, no one can tell with any accuracy to what extent, if at all, Unionists have been converted to Home Rule.

Every form of government has its own peculiar weaknesses. The special defects of democracy are increased tenfold when the desires of the sovereign people are pronounced in a form which renders it uncertain what it is that the sovereign desires. If the *vox populi* has to be treated as the *vox Dei*, it is common prudence to arrange that the political deity shall utter its will not in dubious oracles, but in unmistakably plain language. In public affairs, and especially in the present state of the world, hesitation and uncertainty may well lead a great nation to ruin. England is suffering from what has been called the paralysis of the Constitution, which may equally well be termed the breakdown of party government. This malady of popular government is not confined to England. One of the difficulties of the day is that neither men of thought nor men of action have yet discovered the cure for a dangerous disease.

AN OBSERVER.

AN EPISODE IN THE LONDON THEATRE.

LONDON, November 24, 1905.

Whatever else in London may languish, interest in the theatre never dies. The theatre itself may be at the last ebb, bound, financially, to the bankruptcy court, but the hold the subject has upon the public mind, apparently, never relaxes. The papers, especially the dull Sunday papers, fill pages with it and its affairs, when they can spare only a column or so for literature, and less for art. Speculators keep on building new theatres when the old ones are said not to pay their way. Excitements come and go, the fad of yesterday is forgotten to-day, but some one has only to whisper a suggestion as to the necessity of a national theatre, and the floodgates of debating-club and newspaper correspondence eloquence are opened upon a defenceless world. In a word, in England, the influence of the drama is to make every one connected with it, no matter how remotely, as hysterical as its average interpreter on the English stage.

I suppose it is a result of all this unnatural and exaggerated interest that so much unnecessary and uninterrupted attention has been bestowed upon the question of reform in the theatre. It is true the Englishman is never so happy as when he is ostentatiously reforming something—anything so long as it is not himself. He can, however, at intervals, leave art to work out its own salvation. He can even loosen his reforming grasp on politics for a while. But nothing would persuade him to retreat from the burning deck of the theatre as long as there is a chance of loud and exemplary talk about the ennobling of the stage and the elevation of its ethics. And so in London, within not so many years, we have seen Independent Theatres and Elizabethan Stage Societies;

we have had little noisily-advertised groups of the Illuminated busy with Ibsen and with Maeterlinck, and soaring Stage Societies, and puffed Dramatic Schools; we have been edified by self-appointed and ponderously-conscious-of-the-fact missionaries offering their morals to the mummer. And all the time, as a ceaseless refrain to the outbursts of irresponsible chatter about the seriousness of the drama and the duty of the dramatist, we have had to listen to the same old sermon upon the importance of a national theatre. And what has come of all this? Nothing, absolutely nothing—or worse than nothing. For the tendency has been to make of the theatre a Temple of Moralists, and of the stage their pulpit. And the curious thing is—though, as yet, the fact has not been sufficiently recognized—that the most hopeful sign of reform there has been comes, as it should, from a purely business enterprise—a theatre run on business lines, not for the ethical conversion or elevation of mankind, but for honest money-making. I mean, the little Court Theatre, the home of farce, as I first knew it, in Sloane Square. For the work it has done and is doing, I think it deserves recognition, especially at the present moment, before it is too late. For, even as I write my word of praise, I seem to see, slowly forcing itself in, the thin end of the wedge, the kind of popularity that in England leads to artistic ruin if to financial success. But let me explain.

I began to go to the Court Theatre after one of my regular seasons of not going to the theatre in London at all. I was delighted. I saw plays that had the rare charm of being interesting, and the rarer merit of being well done. I thought, Perhaps I am prejudiced; perhaps it is because I have seen nothing for so long that anything would please me. Therefore, conscientiously, I have made the rounds of the principal London theatres. I have learned for myself, and not from the official critics, what is going on in them. And what have I found all London crowding to applaud? I leave out the musical comedies that have no relation to the drama whatever. I do not know whether I should not leave out also the triumph at His Majesty's of Mr. Tree, in one of the make-ups the ingenuity of which is the secret of his reputation, turning 'Oliver Twist' into melodrama; and the triumph at Drury Lane of Mr. George Alexander, with the help of a flock of sheep, some odd ponies, and a dog, turning the tiresome melodrama of Mr. Hall Caine into the manner of spectacle expected of Drury Lane. But if I do omit these things, there seems to me uncommonly little to write about: English actors struggling with German sentiment over a German problem in 'Lights Out'; pit and gallery being initiated into the doings of the "Smart Set"—odious and silly term—into their dancing of cake-walks; their playing of bridge, their toadying to millionaires, in a comedy of old conventions in new dress, supposed to be a comedy of manners like 'The Walls of Jericho,' so successful as to be just coming to an end after a run of over a year; light farces, of which the best that can be said is that they do not pretend to do more than raise a laugh, and, even if the laugh does not come easily, one is grateful for the kind-

ness and good sense of the intention. When the attraction is not in the spectacle, in the glitter of German uniform, in the glamour of polite ball- and drawing-rooms, it is in the names of one or two special favorites in the list of actors and actresses. Mr. Pinero and Mr. Jones may, for the time, have retired in favor of Mr. Barrie and Mr. Sutro. It makes small difference. The play, whoever the author, is usually a peg to hang the essentials on—the essentials, that is, with the British public; and the art of the actors, the art of actors acting together, is evidently looked upon as old-fashioned, as out of date, like the Mouth of Hell in the mystery play or the use of masks on the Greek stage.

At the Court Theatre, however, under the present management of Mr. Vedrenne and Mr. Granville Barker, himself an actor and a playwright, there is, in the first place, the effort to present plays that are interesting as plays, not as spectacles or marvels of mechanical stage-setting, not as excuses for ingenious costumes and Paris fashion models, not for the parading and posing of actor-managers and notorious beauties. The one appeal made is dramatic. I do not say that this appeal is always successful; only that it is always legitimate. And it is made with a variety unusual, as it is refreshing, in these days of long runs. The venture was begun not much more than a year ago; for a time, the performances were limited to a few afternoons in the week. And yet there have been presented Greek tragedies and mediæval moralities, Ibsen's plays, Mr. George Bernard Shaw's plays, plays by new and untried authors. Already, this autumn, Mr. Hankin, hitherto unknown to me, certainly has made the beginning of his reputation with 'The Return of the Prodigal,' and Mr. Granville Barker has shown real dramatic insight in 'The Voysey Inheritance,' which, for all its echoes of Ibsen and Shaw, has the right stuff in it, and is the freshest and most interesting English play I have seen for years. This, surely, if the theatre were to close, or degenerate, to-morrow, would be an admirable record.

But what strikes me still more, is the excellence of the stage management. No dramatic school can do for the actor what is being done for him here in the way of experience and practice. It is a stage on which the "star" would not have a chance. It is extraordinary, things being as they are in London, how few of the actors and actresses who appear, or have appeared, are actors and actresses with names already made or already popular. You cast your eye down the playbill, and, unless you are at home at the Court, you recognize hardly one of the performers. But they have all, down to the most insignificant, been drilled into the truth, so cheerfully ignored on the ordinary London stage, that the business of the actor is to act, not to strut and rant and pose and shriek; that in the action and relation of a group of actors on the stage unity is as indispensable as in the various parts that make up the whole in the painter's composition. In London, the cry of the reformers has always been—The play, the good play, is what we need! But the best play, when trusted to incompetent players, is sure to fail—artistically

anyway; while the poor play may be transformed into a masterpiece by competent performers. Actors, good actors, are what are needed, above all, on the London stage; and the performances at the Court have impressed me with this truth more than ever. I have not so far seen there a man; or a woman, whom I thought a supreme artist, a genius. But most of the company are extremely able, and they have learned how to present a play as if they belonged to it, as if they were all in the picture.

Of the difference this makes, I can give a practical instance. In the old days—some ten or fifteen years ago—like most people, I went through my Ibsen phase. A play by Ibsen could not be put on the stage by the little esoteric companies then vowed to the production of Ibsen in the United Kingdom, that I did not go to see it. 'Ghosts,' 'Rosmersholm,' 'The Doll's House,' 'Hedda Gabler,' 'The Master Builder,' 'The Lady from the Sea,' I saw them all; with the result that I developed such a distaste for Ibsen that I never wanted to see him again. For his interpreters, one after the other, forgot that he was a dramatist, remembered only that he was a preacher, and looked upon themselves as missionaries sent out to spread his gospel. No matter what the part they played, they were filled with a sense of their own virtue, which they proceeded to force upon their audience, to ram down that audience's throat, until, for one, could stand it no longer. Ibsen, in their hands, became a bore, and, moreover, a bore one could not forgive for the havoc he was playing with the career of so many promising actors and actresses. The fact is, Ibsen has done more harm in his day to the English stage than all the trashiest writers of trashy melodrama and trashy farce who were his contemporaries. It was therefore with reluctance I was induced to go and see last month 'The Wild Duck' at the Court Theatre. It is one of the plays that offer the best opportunity to the Ibsenite—full of a mysticism that does not enter into the scheme of everyday life, I should say, out of Norway; and therefore full of possibilities as a text for the real Ibsen sermon as preached by the English Ibsenite. But the actors at the Court played it, as they play any other drama that comes their way, intelligently, simply, and I should like to add earnestly, if that were not a word so horribly misused and abused by the Ibsenite. They were neither overpowered by the sanctity of their mission, nor overawed by their own virtue. On the contrary, they appeared to be not in the least conscious of mission, or virtue; or themselves, and so helped the audience to forget they were anything save the characters they were there to represent. And, for the first time on the English stage, I saw a play by Ibsen when I could feel, as I do in reading him, that he is essentially a dramatist.

The play is too well known for me to undertake to explain the plot. But what its presentment on this stage showed me was the commonplace family of Ibsen's imagining, going about their commonplace life, tinged with sentiment, indulging in fancies, it may be, that are not of the same quality as our sentiments and fancies, but quite comprehensible; and of a sudden, a tragedy made of it all by the meddling of a madman—the dangerous madman not mad enough

to be locked up. And the commonplace had just the right touch of romance in the handling of it, and the tragedy was the more poignant because of the very ordinary everyday men and women involved in it. There was no more suggestion of a sermon, of a lesson, of a moral, than in one's own commonplace affairs and tragedies. If the same company would give the whole series of Ibsen's plays, I think it would leave the British public—or as much of it as cares—with a very different idea of Ibsen as a maker of plays.

After saying so much in praise, I must point out the danger that I think threatens the enterprise—a danger more serious in this country than anywhere else. What the real Briton truly loves is something he knows, something he is accustomed to, something he has been repeatedly assured is correct. He is a conservative by nature, and is as shy of a new joke as of wearing a straw hat with his frock coat. Once, however, he gets used to the joke, he does not want to hear any other. It is the same with him in the theatre. He hates a play on unfamiliar lines; but, once he has endured it long enough for the unfamiliar to grow familiar, then he wants nothing else. Now it happened that one of the first great successes made by Mr. Vedrenne and Mr. Barker was in their presentment of a play by Mr. George Bernard Shaw, "John Bull's Other Island." Mr. Shaw's plays had been tried on the English stage before, they had been published, they had been much written about, especially by himself. Of recent years, two or three had had a run, if a very short one. But it was only with the performance of "John Bull's Other Island" that he was really successful as success goes in the theatre. And he deserved to be successful: The play is immensely clever, as everybody by this time knows; there is as little necessity to tell its story as in the case of Ibsen's "Wild Duck." Its plot anyway, if it may be said to have one, amounts to nothing; dramatically it is weak, it even condescends to the expected concessions to what is supposed to be the Celtic temperament now so much heard of. But it is brilliant in dialogue, it has humor, it is gay and irresponsible, it is full of shrewd observation and criticism of the political problems and relations of the moment. It was this political side of it that carried the whole play, a good deal of which otherwise is unintelligible to an English audience. But people interested in politics came to see it. Politicians came, and returned. There was a rumor that Mr. Balfour had been seen there several times and had laughed. Royalty, too, patronized it, and royalty, too, managed to laugh. And Mr. Shaw, of a sudden, became the popular dramatist there is no earthly reason why he should not have been ten or twelve years ago.

And the consequence? The Court Theatre now cannot have too much of Mr. Shaw. His old plays have been revived, his new plays are being brought out one after the other. And here is the danger. For, because "John Bull's Other Island" is a fine, humorous piece of work, it does not follow that everything Mr. Shaw does is good, though by this time the public is more than ready to take him at his own valuation. But his "Candida," for example, to-day seems little more than a feeble imi-

tation of Ibsen—Ibsen as understood and rendered by the early Ibsenites. His "Man and Superman," the run of which has had to be extended, is the tiresome exercise in egotism of a man who likes to fool and mystify the public, and see just how much the public will stand from him. Mr. Shaw has never hesitated to talk about himself, in print, on the platform, or on the stage; he would be—he has been—the last man to deny the uses of self-advertisement. And so it is in keeping that he should now figure as the hero of his own play; and that Mr. Granville Barker, who takes the part, has what seems to me the bad taste to get himself to look like Mr. Shaw. This savors of farce rather than comedy; it is a jest that may pall when one does not happen to be Mr. Shaw.

Worse than this. Now he is taken seriously, he begins to exert the evil influence of Ibsen over his admirers and followers. As he makes himself appear as his own hero, he is a rather tedious person, who goes through life shocking the bourgeois by turning morals and conventions topsy-turvy, very much as Oscar Wilde and his school manufactured epigrams. The character must become infinitely tedious unless taken quite naturally. But Mr. Barker, who has trained his company to the point of playing even Ibsen naturally, undoes all his good work as manager, by preaching and proclaiming as actor from beginning to end of "Man and Superman," until he has converted the play into the sort of edifying lesson that "Ghosts" or "The Doll's House" used to be. Mr. Shaw on politics may be amusing; but Mr. Shaw on himself is, to be honest, a trifle dull, for every one cannot be as interested in him as he is in himself. But the public, having accepted Mr. Shaw, only like him the better for his dullness. His success is complete. He is on the high-road to become as established a convention as the top-hat, the roast beef, and the other things he deplores as fetishes of British respectability. And the disappointing part of it all is, that the future of the little theatre, at first so hopeful, now lies trembling in the balance. Will it remain a theatre, or will it, too, degenerate into a temple of moralists, with Shaw for its prophet-in-chief? N. N.

Notes.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, in conjunction with John Murray, London, will bring out Molmenti's "Venice: Its Individual Growth from the Earliest Beginnings to the Fall of the Republic," now appearing in Italy. The translator is, as should be the case, Mr. Horatio F. Brown. Six volumes will combine in three sections, "Venice in the Middle Ages," "Venice in the Golden Age," and "The Decadence of Venice." Each volume will contain forty full-page plates and a Venetian-made colored frontispiece. There will be ordinary and large-paper editions.

"Trade-Unionism in America," edited by Professors Hollander and Barnett of Johns Hopkins University, is in the press of Henry Holt & Co.

Henry Frowde is about to publish a "History of the Post-Reformation Catholic Missions in Oxfordshire," with an account

of the families connected with them, by Mrs. Bryan Stapleton. Near at hand is the concluding (16th) volume of Mrs. Paget Toynbee's edition of Horace Walpole's Letters, consisting of the indexes of persons, places, and subjects, including matters of art and art criticism.

F. X. Garneau's History of Canada is to appear in a fifth edition, supervised by his grandson, M. Hector Garneau, who also intends to publish his grandfather's correspondence with eminent French scholars and writers during the preparation of his work. Finally, M. H. Garneau will bring out the correspondence of his father, M. Alfred Garneau, with the literary men of his time, together with one of his careful studies on the French families that came to Canada in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The City of Ravenna, Italy, has planned a worthy monument to Dante, who died and was buried there. It is to take the form of a museum, in which are to be collected books, statues, relics, and memorabilia of Guido da Polenta's immortal guest. A committee, consisting of the Mayor of Ravenna, of Professor Rava, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, of Count Pier Desiderio Pasolini and other men of similar standing and responsibility, has been organized, and has issued an appeal for subscriptions to establish the museum. By a happy coincidence, one of the richest Dante libraries in Italy, belonging to Leo Olschki of Florence, is offered for sale, and three experts—Signori Guido Biagi, Del Lungo, and Bacci—have appraised its value at twenty thousand lire. This collection will make the best possible foundation for the proposed museum. It is hoped that in America, which has produced many eminent Dante scholars, and where at the present time there is much effective study of Dante, there may be persons who will be glad to join in this undertaking. Subscriptions should be sent to Count P. D. Pasolini, Ravenna, Italy, whose patronage of the project is a guarantee that it will be successfully carried out.

We have received from the Essex Institute, Salem, Mass., an Index to its Historical Collections for the first forty volumes (1859-1905). It has been well executed by the secretary, Mr. George Francis Dow, and as it confines itself to subject and author in a broad way, it makes a thin volume of 91 pages. The typography is clear, and the figure-references distinctly differentiated. The range of topics is very extensive. Some of the family names illustrated or contributory are Abbott, Adams, Brown, Choate, Crowninshield, Derby, Endicott, Gardner, Gray, Higginson, Peabody, Phillips, Rantoul, Waters, and Upham.

The Dent-Dutton edition of George Eliot's "Silas Marner" is one of the daintiest books of the season, for which Charles E. Brock's charming designs, all in color, have been freely called in. The title-page vignette might stand for a classic interpretation of "A little child shall lead them." Print and binding are in the established good taste of the London house. Anne Matheson's introduction, we think, adds not much to the intellectual adornment.

The same combination of firms gives us in three volumes Dickens's "Christmas Carol," "Crocket on the Hearth," and "The Chimes," and here Mr. Brock reappears

both in color and in line, exhibiting an equal mastery in each. This edition will commend itself at sight to lovers of Dickens.

The booklet purporting to contain 'One Hundred Best American Poems,' selected by John R. Howard (Crowell), is not justified by the assertion that there is hardly a piece in it that will not be found in standard anthologies. It is most improbable that at least 25 per cent. of the authors drawn upon for "the best" should bear names utterly unknown to the American public at large. A companion number in this "Handy-Volume Classics" is much better worth while. We refer to U. Waldo Cutler's judicious 'Selections from the Writings of Benjamin Franklin,' the Autobiography excepted. Here is our old friend "The Whistle," along with "The Course of Northeast Storms," and "Franklin and the Gout," with extracts from 'Poor Richard's Almanac,' seventy-odd pages of personal letters, Franklin's examination before the House of Commons on the repeal of the Stamp Act, extracts from his will, etc. Nearly everything is reproduced in full. This is an excellent and unpretentious book to give away. It would have borne an index.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's 'Romances of Old France' (The Baker & Taylor Co.) is a gift-book profusely decorated with marginal vignettes, while even the text is invaded by trails of green leaves. It is, in fact, a companion volume to his 'Love Stories Retold,' and actually includes one of those same stories which happened to be suitable to both collections, the 'Aucassin and Nicolette.' William Morris long ago translated the best of these mediæval tales in his 'Old French Romances,' and there was little left for Mr. Le Gallienne but to quote freely from Morris's version, which he does, with due acknowledgment, and to embellish them with the sentimental reflections that would inevitably occur to a writer of such sensibility.

A real invention marks Mr. E. V. Lucas's 'The Friendly Town: A Little Book for the Urbane,' consisting of choice and, as a whole, fresh selections in prose and verse, such as a biographer of Lamb might delight in. Doubt not Lamb contributes his portion to the feast, as in the section on "The Play," with appreciations of Mrs. Jordan and Munden. Pepys is inevitably here, leading in the group on "Music and Painting," with his views on wind-musique; and the recluse FitzGerald keeps him company (as one who cherished the occasional flight to the metropolis), with dubious argument on music and portraiture. "The Table and the Binn," "The Tavern," "The Past," "The Courtly Poets," "The Post," are other rubrics. American authors have been liberally drawn upon, and we are glad to find Lowell's sonnet—shall we not say his best verse in a form not his forte?—on Edmund Quincy:

"Yet most of all
I prized his skill in leisure, and the ease
Of a life flowing full without a plan."

The new edition of Mr. T. M. Clark's standard work, 'Architect, Owner, and Builder before the Law' (Macmillan), does not differ materially from the form in which it originally appeared some eleven years ago. It is divided into three parts, the first dealing with the relations of the architect and the owner, the second with those of the architect and the builder; and the third

with those of the builder and the owner. It contains a summary of American and English decisions on the principal questions relating to building and the employment of architects, and cites about eight hundred cases, covering a very wide range of error, incapacity, and entanglement. They run all the way from that strange case of the Architect Savoye, who, after letting a contract for a church, substituted new plans for a larger and more elaborately decorated building without the knowledge of the owner, although with the expectation that the owner would bear the increased expense, but who in the end found himself condemned to pay almost the entire difference in the cost; to the equally surprising case of one Brady, who bid to execute a certain work for a moderate sum, adding that, if rock were encountered, he would charge twenty-five dollars per yard for its removal; and who in the end brought in a bill of twenty-five hundred dollars for the work and twenty-three thousand for the excavation of rock. This was such a flagrant example of the "unbalanced bid" that the Supreme Court decided that the transaction was fraudulent, and that Brady was entitled to nothing at all for the 943 yards of rock that he had actually excavated. The treatise from cover to cover illustrates the amazing facility with which controversies arise from the conduct of such intricate and technical affairs as the preparation of plans and the erection of buildings, and it also illustrates the very limited amount of satisfaction that litigants and their counsel derive from building cases. It is well worthy of the careful study of one about to build, whether he be owner, contractor, or architect; but, unfortunately, it is not generally consulted until too late to keep the reader out of trouble.

A prosy and pedestrian piece of book-making, which nevertheless has something of the interest that attaches to an interesting subject, is 'Jane Austen and her Times,' by G. E. Mitton (Putnam). This lady has apparently kept a commonplace-book of curious facts about the later eighteenth century. By dint of throwing these together more or less at random, quoting at great length from the writings of Jane Austen, and at still greater length from the writings of others about her, she has made an octavo volume of three hundred pages, having a certain semblance of unity. Her own writing is under-energized, and she is not remarkable for critical acumen; but, by skipping her connecting narrative and recomposing her extracts, one may form a just if not very novel picture of the milieu in which the most charming of female geniuses lived and worked.

'Der Kaufmann in der Deutschen Vergangenheit,' by G. Steinhausen (Jena: E. Diederichs; New York: Lemcke & Buechner), is one of the best specimens of a series of high-class illustrated monographs by various authors, each of which aims to give a concise history of one of the German trades or professions. The series contains eleven other volumes, with titles such as 'Der Arzt,' 'Der Bauer,' 'Der Gelehrte,' and the present book has a sort of supplement in the volume entitled, 'Das Judentum,' which depicts another side of German trade and finance. The distinctive feature of all the illustrations is that, instead of being the usual half-tones on

glossy paper, they are excellent facsimiles of woodcuts, engravings and etchings of the period. The scholarly text is difficult to read, as there are no sections or chapters and the only guide to the contents is a small headline at the top of each page. But in printing, binding, and, above all, in its 150 admirable illustrations, this book leaves nothing to be desired. It has no index, but a general index to all twelve volumes is announced for next year.

The Irish child immigrant of famine days comes to his own in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for December. The late Patrick Andrew Collins, mayor of Boston, a graduate of the Harvard Law School in 1871, is commemorated with a portrait and an appreciative biographical sketch. Among the principal papers are an account of the disposition of the income of the new two-million-dollars teachers' endowment fund, and a review of "Religious Reform at Harvard," or the abolition of compulsory prayers. Tucked away in a corner is Robert Johnson's honorable claim to have been chiefly instrumental in divorcing Harvard from its dependence upon the Legislature in the election of Overseers, or, in Mr. Johnson's fitting words, "emancipating the institution from the thrall of politicians." The frankness which has ever characterized this magazine in criticising Harvard ways, is employed in the department, "From a Graduate's Window," in proposing an end to the athletic yoke-fellowship with Yale, on the ground that the spirit of sport in the sister institution is not that which animates Harvard; and that what keeps the Yale spirit alive is the hereditary coupling of two universities no longer rivals elect in any field of intellect or of muscle.

Minerva appears this year somewhat ahead of time, and meets the need of the learned world for a directory, with a slightly increased volume (Strassburg: Trübner; New York: Lemcke & Buechner). The editor, Dr. K. Trübner, tells of lacunæ filled among the learned societies of Great Britain and Belgium. For frontispiece, he supplies a portrait of Dr. Sophus Müller, director of the National Museum at Copenhagen. The rear is brought up by that precious index of names which has sustained this admirable enterprise through fifteen issues.

The opening article of the *Annales de Géographie* is upon the sumptuous Bathymetric Chart of the Ocean, in 24 sheets, on a scale of 1 to 10,000,000, just published through the liberality of the Prince of Monaco. Following a general description of the work are some criticisms, as, on the nomenclature adopted; regret being expressed, for instance, that there is not to be found on it the name, *Tuscarora*, of the American ship which made the soundings revealing the existence of the remarkable ravine off the Japanese coast, as well as the name of Commodore Bartlett in the Antilles Sea. There is a singular omission of geographic names, and the continents are left blank; the courses of the great rivers even are not shown. A more serious criticism is that the indications of the lithological nature of some of the depths are based on insufficient knowledge. Other subjects treated are the human geography of Servia, the researches of Mr. Cvijic of the University of Belgrade, and the races inhabiting the region to the southeast of Abyssinia. This

closes with a brief reference to the devastations wrought by the Abyssinian raids.

We cannot presume on our readers' lively interest in the discussion over the right and wrong of the removal of Prof. Ettore Pais from the directorship of the Naples Museum. We have ourselves taken no sides in the matter, and do not intend to. "T. D. B." returns to the charge *contra*, citing a private letter from Prof. B. Croce in comment on Mr. Wm. R. Thayer's recent communication *pro*. We do not feel called upon to yield our space to it.

—'In Our Convent Days' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is in Miss Agnes Repplier's happiest style. It is a vivid and humorous picture of life in an American convent school, where the discipline was severe and salutary, the luxuries and freedoms of the modern schoolgirl unknown, and the young inmates were thrown on their imaginations for all the excitements and amusements of life. The humors of the convent stage (for amateur theatricals were taken very seriously in that austere little community, and Miss Repplier and her friends, all aged about eleven, seem to have been constantly rehearsing something or other), the exhausting joys of a *congé sans cloche*, or a visit from the Archbishop, the small mutinies and jealousies and devotions of schoolgirls, are actually made amusing by Miss Repplier's light touch and caustic comments. Few people who write autobiography have the art of taking their childhood so lightly. Miss Repplier spares neither herself nor her contemporaries, in one of whom we are invited by the dedication to recognize Mrs. Joseph Pennell. But revelations so neatly and humorously made need leave no sting. Miss Repplier shows in such studies as these a sympathy and imagination that in her more serious essays are too often obscured by the habit of quotation. Unsupported by Sir Thomas Browne or other reflective authors of an antiquarian bent, she is one of the most agreeable of writers. Especially happy is the description of the genial Archbishop, a lover of children, who tries in vain to make friends with the frigid and embarrassed squadrons of little girls, and at last wins their confidence by singing a song about the devil. "Then the Archbishop stepped out of the boat, and there was a timid little scramble to his side. The barriers were down. . . . When he bade us good-by, we shouted and waved our handkerchiefs until he was out of sight. . . . I trust that in Paradise the Holy Innocents are now bearing him company; for I truly believe his soul would weary of the society of grown-up saints."

—'In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies,' by Mr. James Outram (Macmillan), has a special claim upon the notice of climbers and geographers, since the author has to his credit more "first ascents," for the region here dealt with, than can be claimed by any other Alpinist. When writing of his adventures, Mr. Outram's enthusiasm often leads him into a strain of picturesqueness, which many of the mountaineers are at great pains to avoid. For example, Chapter XIV. opens thus: "Darkness was gathering apace. The sun had set nearly an hour ago. A piercing wind from a world of glaciers was whistling by on its wild course; and the rising moon, shining feebly athwart a mist of clouds, re-

vealed two shivering human forms silhouetted upon the skyline of a rocky ridge, 10,000 feet above the sea. One, perched on the apex of a cliff some seventy feet in height, a precipice on either hand, watches intently the painful progress of his companion in adversity, who, in the dim, shadowy distance, is clinging with chilled fingers to the vertical face of rock by handholds of the tiniest dimension, and wildly waving first one leg and then the other in a blind search for some small broken ledge or scant projection which may bear his weight, and form another step in the slow, difficult descent." The conservative climber either avoids getting himself into such a plight, or, if night overtakes him on a sheer rock face, says as little about the incident as possible. Mr. Outram certainly has had some unusual adventures amid the Selkirks and Rockies, which he describes with animation and a genuine command of professional terminology. Among his first ascents the most remarkable, perhaps, are those of Mt. Assiniboine (the Canadian Matterhorn), and Mt. Columbia, which, with an altitude of 12,500 feet, is as yet the loftiest of the Canadian Rockies to be mastered. Certainly the present volume will give Mr. Outram a position side by side with Wilcox and Collié, among the explorers and mountaineers of the region between Mt. Assiniboine and Diadem Peak.

—While a genuine love of sport has prompted the pioneers of mountain climbing in the Canadian Rockies, there is one thing which we observe with regret. According to the suggestion of the Royal Geographical Society, peaks when first named should take their name from some physical feature, or, better still, should go down on the map under the title local usage has given them. Now, the climbers in the Canadian Rockies have shown an undue fondness for calling the mountains after themselves or their friends. In many individual cases, there would seem to be an excellent excuse for such procedure. The names Mt. Collié, Mt. Bryce, Mt. Freshfield, ought certainly not to disappear, if we are to have Mt. Stephen, Mt. Sir Donald and Mt. Tupper. But it really does seem a pity to sprinkle the names of railway magnates, climbers and Swiss guides over the whole district from the frontier to the Wapta Fork, without giving local terms or physical features any chance at all. We have it on very good authority that one of the directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway declined to have a mountain named after him for the reasons just indicated. Mr. Outram has interspersed his text with numerous illustrations, which, though far less beautifully executed than those of Mr. Wilcox, serve the present purpose quite well. He also gives a sketch-map, which is founded chiefly upon Collié's work and the charts of the Dominion Land Survey.

—Whenever the library of some European scholar is purchased for an American institution, there is a great outcry in the press against the selfishness of his heirs who let money considerations count for more than the "honor" of their country, and against the laxity of the Government that permits such treasures to be lost to German or English institutions. It is all the more refreshing, therefore, to find a man like Prof. Richard Pietschmann, the University Librarian of Göttingen, taking a

stand against such narrowness, particularly against the claim that the Government should step in and buy such private libraries as may be in danger of being exported. In an article on "Scientific Working Libraries," contributed to a recent number of the *Preussische Jahrbücher*, he points out that these libraries usually do not consist of unique or other particularly rare books, but of the ordinary working tools of the scholar, which, if purchased for a German university library, would duplicate much material already on its shelves, while its purchase for an American library is a direct contribution to the extension of scientific culture and research. "If the German language and literature is to be studied at the Leland Stanford Junior University in Palo Alto in California, which was founded in 1891, it is absolutely necessary that at least a part of the literary apparatus of our university libraries be made available there. The 4,200 volumes of Germanistic literature from the library of the late Prof. Rudolf Hildebrandt in Leipzig which were secured for the Stanford University, will, of course, be of much greater value in Palo Alto than they would be if they had been kept in Leipzig." To these expostulations Professor Pietschmann adds some notes on the libraries which he visited last year as delegate to the Conference of Librarians in St. Louis.

—On entering upon the duties of his office the new annual Rector Magnificus of the University of Berlin, Prof. Dr. H. Diehl, delivered an address on the subject of the traditions of the universities, and the efforts that had been made towards unification in one grand institution for all Germany. The address naturally attracted a good deal of attention, and was reported in full by leading journals. The speaker declared that the University of Berlin had been fortunate enough to overcome the tendencies so potent at its foundation, namely, towards organizing an "allgemeine Lehranstalt," in the widest sense of the term, combining the purely scientific work of research with the "useful" branches that have generally been assigned to the polytechnic institutes. These tendencies Diehl regards as the "children of the pedagogical Utopias of the seventeenth century," which were advocated, too, during the nineteenth. More recently, again, two university rectors, those of Würzburg and Leipzig, have advocated the organization of an "Einheitsuniversität," but Diehl maintains that many years will elapse before the Berlin University will consent to such an experiment, because this would cause an estrangement of the schools from the real purposes of their establishment. Even as matters now stand, the different parts of the schools hang loosely together without the proper internal connection. The chief disadvantage would be that the university would cease to be a purely scientific institution. In conclusion, the speaker emphasized the fact that the development of university studies had gone through a "spiral" development in the last century. In the beginning, general culture was in the forefront, and this was followed by a period of intense specialization. Now the endeavor again is to unite the different members of the world of research, and this movement is attracting the interest of the students as well as of the teachers. It is not at all desirable

that this tendency be hemmed in by adding to the university curriculum practical studies not in harmony with these ideals. The last sentence of this notable address is a warm appeal to raise on high "the golden sceptre of Idealism."

—The *Petersburger Zeitung*, the leading German journal of the Russian capital, reports some interesting details in connection with the autonomy recently granted to the Russian universities. The Government was anxious to have the work at these institutions resumed, and for this reason granted far-reaching concessions. Practically full self-government was given them. The beginnings of the new régime were auspicious, as the election of the new rectors by the university councils passed off smoothly. To a certain extent the student body, too, showed a proper appreciation of their unwonted liberty, and at once entered upon their duties again. Others, however, especially those of the St. Petersburg University, largely influenced by socialistic agitators, demanded further and some very radical concessions. They agreed upon the following: (1) That the attendance of Jewish students in the universities should no longer be limited to a certain percentage of the total enrolment; (2) that women should at once be admitted to all the departments of the institution; (3) that all the graduates of the secondary schools, even those of the inferior four-year course in the church seminaries, and also all persons without special preparation, but who "were seeking enlightenment," should be admitted to the universities; (4) that certain unpopular professors should be removed, and those who had suffered on account of their political views or activity, should be at once reinstated. At a meeting of the Polish students, the demand was made for the complete autonomy of Poland, for the equality of Russian and Polish in the courts, and the introduction of the Polish language in the schools of Poland. In Dorpat the members of the corps (mostly Germans) outvoted the revolutionary Russians, and work has been resumed in the entire institution. The same is true also of the Polytechnic Institute in Riga and the University of Moscow.

GOSSE'S SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Sir Thomas Browne. By Edmund Gosse. (English Men of Letters.) Macmillan. 1905. 8vo. Pp. 207.

No other English writer, unless one of the sublime few or one linguistically important, has received the lifelong devotion of two such editors as has the author of the *Religio Medici* in the labors of Simon Wilkin and of Dr. W. A. Greenhill. You may not care for Sir Thomas Browne; it is conceivable enough that you should find his meandering stream to be tiresome; but if you do like him, you must personally love him. The warmth of affection one feels is his just due would be ill-bestowed upon Montaigne and uncalled for toward Charles Lamb or toward Horace. How unlike one another these four writers are, and yet how strikingly set apart from others by the personal feeling they inspire! Browne tells us he never read above three pages of Montaigne; and nobody can wonder that the most extreme of believers, who held that Divine Omnipotence could

override the principle of contradiction, should not be attracted to the extremest of skeptics.

Any lover of Browne carries a pass-key to the heart of any other; and if Mr. Gosse should only display such a badge, he may be sure that any mistakes he may commit will be lightly dealt with by the present reviewer. But, after a first perusal of his volume in the kindest spirit, attention having been focussed on the questions he revives, we re-read the whole of Browne, together with sufficient proportions of the five or six writers who seem most comparable with him—Boyle, Digby, Henry More, Charleton, Gui Patin, and Samuel Parker; and now, returning to a more deliberate study of what Mr. Gosse has to say, find our general impression to be that, instead of striving to put himself into his subject's shoes, as we, for example, conceive ourselves obliged to put ourselves into his, he rather struggles to squeeze Browne's Alcidian foot into his own pump. You will find examples of this wherever you open his volume. Here is one. Imagine, if you please, Edmund Gosse rapping the author of *'Christian Morals'* over the knuckles for not bearing in mind his Vaugelas (p. 197)! The *'Remarques'* of that purist did not appear until Browne had already published everything of importance that he was to publish. But the incongruity of the anachronism is nothing compared to that of tying down an English writer whose style was formed before the Great Rebellion, to the rules of French rhetoric! Expunge from Milton's epic whatever would have been out of place in Voltaire's, or even, if you will, whatever Shakspeare wrote that Racine would not have written even if he could; but do not tell Browne to write according to Vaugelas!

On the page opposite to this, a sentence from the metaphysical part of the *'Religio Medici'* is brought up for censure. This portion of Browne's masterpiece which, be it not forgotten, was written before the publication of any work in historical continuity with modern philosophy, is not a little curious—curious, and something more than that—but has never received the attention it deserves. More than one passage sounds almost like an anticipation of Hegel, but was really inspired, we must surmise, by dialogues of Giordano Bruno (which were published in England), whether Browne read them in Oxford, or, perhaps more probably, caught some reverberation of them in Padua. The sentence in question is this: "God, being all things, is contrary unto Nothing, out of which were made all things; and so Nothing became Something, and Omneity informed Nullity into Essence." Mr. Gosse's blame falls upon the word "omneity," which is somewhat rare, it is true, yet too clear to arrest attention. But when Gosse says that "*omneity* would have been better and simpler," the nonsense this proposes at once convinces us that no better word than "omneity" could be found to take its place. Besides, it had, after all, been long in use, and nothing short of an English Vaugelas (which, thank Heaven, never existed) could make it taboo. There is a school résumé of the 26th chapter of *Metaphysics* Δ in the form of an equation: "Unity+Omneity=Totality." Mr. Gosse would naturally first try substituting "totality," and it was per-

haps on finding that that word would not do at all, that he inconsiderately set down "oneness."

Yet we must acknowledge that "oneness" would indeed have been "better and simpler" if Mr. Gosse's apparent theory of Browne's prose had been correct, namely, that it consists in "wrapping the trite in the coronation robes of fine language" (p. 197). In another place, he finds its secret in the use of "extraordinary words to heighten the effect of ordinary thought" (p. 180), or, as we may probably add, to conceal its vacuity. In short, he makes the last section of the *'Garden of Cyrus'* the type of Browne's style. Unquestionably, it was a habit of Browne's to throw out now and then a somewhat unusual word. The infallible effect of such a word is to stimulate the reader's attention; but, whether it be desirable or not for a writer to employ this device, depends upon what he has to say. If the expenditure of energy will be repaid to the reader, and the word be not in itself distasteful to him, which would seldom happen in the generation of Browne, the unusual word will serve its purpose. But there are writers whose unerring instinct counsels them to shun a word whose effect would be the last they ought to desire. These writers wish others would do as they do. Browne's device, as he handles it, is of excellent effect with a reader who has acquaintance with pre-Rebellion English; for Browne, living in remote Norwich, continued all his life to write very nearly the language of his youth. Moreover, he has, more than most writers, a vocabulary peculiar to himself.

Mr. Gosse, as a student of our older literature, must know better than the rest of us how greatly the current vocabulary of books has changed since 1635, when the *'Religio Medici'* was written. He certainly knows, too, that, so far as good usage can sanction any peculiarity of style, the usage of that day justified the filling out of the English vocabulary with new words drawn from the Latin. We are therefore puzzled to understand most of his verbal criticisms. Thus, he finds fault with the following from the second paragraph of the *'Christian Morals'*:

"Consider whereabouts thou art in Cebes's Table, or that old Philosophical Pinax of the Life of Man; whether thou art yet in the Road of uncertainties; whether thou hast yet entred the narrow gate, got up the Hill and asperous way, which leadeth unto the House of Sanity, or taken that purifying Potion from the hand of sincere Erudition, which may send thee clear and pure away unto a virtuous and happy Life."

He pitches upon the use of the word "asperous" instead of what he does not tell us, but it meant *rough*, and *harsh*, or *severe*; and seems to reckon it as "one of Browne's clumsy audacities." But it was a common enough word. Dr. John Fitch asked a blind man who could distinguish colors how he did it. Boyle gives the answer "in the doctor's own [oral] words," beginning: "Black and white are the most *asperous* and uneven of all colors." Archbishop Parker, whose English enters into the Book of Common Prayer, employs the word in his psalter. The Oxford Dictionary, among nine examples of it ranging from 1547 to 1880, has one dated a year or two before Browne wrote, in the phrase "a craggy and *asperous* ascent"; and

an elder contemporary of our doctor, Montague by name (but whether that one whom Mr. Gosse deems a far better writer than Browne, we do not know), has "the asperous and narrow way of the cross." In short, "asperous" applied to a road or path seems to have been as familiar a phrase in Browne's day as "asper" in the same connection had been a century earlier. The majority of Mr. Gosse's strictures upon single words used by Browne are as unlucky as this:

Mistaken as such criticisms are, they contain nothing at which any lover of Browne need take offence; for we are bound to say that each rude expression is accompanied by some indication that it is meant to be understood as somewhat exaggerated. For example, Mr. Gosse does not flatly assert that Browne *docs* wrap commonplace in coronation robes. He says that that is his "rock ahead"—which is the phrase of a teacher of rhetoric correcting his pupil. Such qualifications bring odious comparison within bounds. To our mind their effect remains substantially as strong as if the qualifications had not been appended.

But remarks there are in the book, and many of them, which inflict a sensible wound upon the heart of a lover of Browne. Such a person believes in him so unreservedly that the good doctor's belief in his religion alone outdoes it. He knows the learned knight, just as one might know a neighbor, for a gentleman in whom was no trace of snobbery, and who, with an innocent satisfaction in his own acquirements, never showed any concern as to what strangers might think of them, and was quite untempted to bolster up pretension with deceit:

"Not tied unto the world with care
Of publick fame or private breath."

Here again Mr. Gosse fails to stand in Browne's shoes. He seems to belong to that numerous class of persons, many of them active church members, who no sooner learn that a man is devoted to physical science or to modern learning, or has a trained reason, than they straightway become immotably rooted in the conviction that, whatever he may profess, that man is not a Christian. As long as theologians had the whiphand, a certain weak presumption to that effect there was. Browne, however, was *not* a genuine scientific man; for though he admitted the circulation of the blood; but not the *unguentum armarium* and the like, and was neither a medical obscurantist, like Gui Patin, nor a medical phantast, like Charleton, yet he was an anti-Copernican, which, in regard to his relations to the world of science, meant everything. Of modern learning he had little or no conception. Nor was he by any means a dialectician. He probably relied in his practice of medicine, as in that of religion, upon what in the latter field he termed "faith"—that is, an intellectual habit which it seemed to him absurd to call upon to justify itself, which seemed to him an evident cognition of things not seen; and experience shows that, in practical matters, men in whom such instincts are robust can lean on nothing less likely to betray their trust.

Of all innuendoes, none are so hard to meet as those of insincerity in religious faith. None are more relished by lovers

of innuendo, none more detested by haters thereof. A man so simple and straightforward in all his life and dealings, so universally beloved by his fellow-citizens, the ransacking of whose papers has brought not the smallest double-dealing to light, would be secure against this species of attack if any man were secure; but no man is. Mr. Gosse simply interchanges Browne's chief characteristic with one we can but seem to discover in himself, when he says (p. 28): "We detect a cunning in his apparent innocence," and when he says (p. 31), "Whenever Browne is particularly chatty, we shall find that he is concealing something," and in other passages to similar effect. When he asserts (p. 25) that "the mind of [Browne] had a curious mixture of directness and tortuousness, which disguises" no matter what "from all but the most careful reader," the directness alone is a real character of Browne; the tortuousness and mixed nature seem to be accounted for only as reflections of Mr. Gosse's own mental physiognomy. Although he has admitted that the 'Religio Medici' was written by Browne for his own eye alone, as he was obliged to admit it, this does not prevent him from saying (p. 27) that Browne opens the book "with series of statements which are intended to ward off discussion and to rout suspicion"; and (p. 29) "he makes his confession rather glibly in order that, under the shelter of it, he may insinuate some more subtle reservations," and (p. 31) "under cover of . . . he now insinuates . . ."—with a dozen more such innuendoes. In short, Mr. Gosse intimates that the 'Religio Medici' is one long and cunning lie—not a very heinous lie in his own eyes, but one that should have been seen by Browne to be ignoble and contaminating.

Mr. Gosse penetrates very little into Sir Thomas's works, or we may as well say into the 'Religio Medici,' his one immortal procreation; for we should not very warmly protest against his other works being described, in the phrase of Mr. Gosse, as "pellets of sun-dried pedantry," having carbuncles sparsely scattered among them. But when we think of Browne as a writer, it is the author of the 'Religio Medici' we mean. At the time he put pen to paper, the 'Consolations of Philosophy' was a popular book; and doubtless the heart-bleedings of Boethius helped to suggest the 'Religio Medici.' But Browne, being moderately wealthy at that time, thought of religion, in its consolatory aspect, less as a buckler against the adversity of which he never had any experience, than as unveiling the sweetness of Death. He is the poet of Death; and the melody of his minor-key prose is adapted to expressing the secret to which he continually recurs, as the jig of verse and rhyme never could be bent to doing. To him religion meant, above all, the gospel of a future life. Of those three topics which Kant says most concern us, God, Liberty, and Immortality, mere philosophy, to Brown's mind, guaranteed the first, while ethics postulated the second. His profession incessantly pressed the third problem upon him; and hence, as Mr. Gosse well notes, he seldom smiles and never laughs. The phenomena of death-beds suggested that the great change was as accidental as any other

stupor; the anatomy of the cerebrum, even before the days of microscopes, seemed to put before him an amazing multitude of similar elements, ungrouped into differentiated organs, and thus suggested that the soul was "inorganic." That was as far as his controlled and critical reasoning could carry him. But the iatric profession, as exercised by the country practitioner, who has time, like Dr. Browne, to breathe a prayer for all in the sick house when first he crosses its threshold, is calculated to make him aware of the irresistible force of the instinctive belief that seems to give him the grand entry to the presence of the truth that binds human life to eternity. Thus we have proposed a different solution of the problem of the 'Religio Medici' from that proposed by Mr. Gosse, which it would be a shame to allow to go untraversed.

The first chapter of Mr. Gosse's book, concerning "Early Years," sheds some light upon the subject. We will jot down a few points. As to the enigma of how Browne could have spent three years in Continental travel if his fortune was only the lesser part of £1,500, the bearing of the opening sentence of § 77 of Part II. of the 'Religio Medici' has been overlooked in this connection. It is plain that money came to him in some wholly unexpected way; possibly, for example, in a legacy from an Oxfordshire patient. Such a fact may yet be discovered. When Browne says he was born in the eighth climate, Gosse explains (p. 84) that this means in 8° of latitude. But it is the first climate added to Ptolemy's seven, called *ultra Maotidis paludes*, extending from 50° N. to 56° N., and therefore covering England. The general tone of the account of Montpellier is somewhat too favorable, and Gosse's laudation of the severity of the examinations for the doctorate should be confronted with the third *intermède* of the "Malade Imaginaire," where the bit of examination given must be supposed to have the degree of resemblance required in a burlesque. That it really had far more truth than that, is shown by its agreement with Locke's account of his visit to Montpellier. Sir Kneelm Digby's sympathetic powder is called an anodyne. It consisted of calcined blue vitriol. It was specified that it should be *Romans* vitriol; but Boyle, in his 'History of Mineral Waters' (sect. IV., art. 9), says that this was pure or nearly pure sulphate of copper, or, in his own terms, vitriol of copper.

Although it is the melody of Browne's prose which constitutes his entire value in Mr. Gosse's judgment, yet he makes no attempt to analyze its mechanism; and perhaps he may be excused, seeing that we are not yet so much as agreed upon the nature of the accent of English words, though it is easy to see that this is not a mere affair of stress. The somewhat nonsensical ending of the 'Garden of Cyrus' it is easy to see is composed of irregular quantitative verses; but this is not the whole story.

Though Somnus in Homer || be sent to rouse up
Agamemnon,

I find no such effects || in those drowsy approaches
of sleep.

To keep our eyes open longer || were but to act
our Antipodes.

The huntsmen are up in America]

And they are already past their first sleep in
Persia,

But who can be drowsy at that hour || that freed us from everlasting sleep?

And so on. In the 'Christian Morals,' the imitation of the balance of the Psalms is obvious.

MORE NOVELS.

The Fair Maid of Graystones. By Beulah Marie Dix. The Macmillan Company.

Rose o' the River. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Squire Phin. By Holman F. Day. A. S. Barnes & Co.

Paradise. By Alice Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Debtor. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. Harper & Brothers.

The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight. By the author of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden.' Scribners.

To tell the story of Jock Hetherington, Mistress Dix has compounded a little history, a spice of mystery, mistaken identity, and a lost will; much adventure and foray, cudgelling, buffeting, wall-climbing, skull-cracking, pistol-shooting, torrent-swimming; glimpses of old-fashioned gardens, old Puritan house-keeping; figures of a Puritan family and its Roundhead foes; of a bold beauty and a poor relation, who carries off the honors of the game. It is not betraying confidence to say this, for, from the moment Althæa appears upon the staircase with "a mop of brown hair falling about her shoulders," and is called by her aunt "a shameless hussy," one is sure of her. Into all this bravery of accessory comes tumbling Master Jock, bringing firebrands and stratagems in his wake, yet maintaining always his position as a person, not a mere vehicle for the slings and arrows of fiction. The interest of these is subordinated to the portraits of Jock and Althæa; a spice-pink she, a bundle of very human contradictions he. Well presented are his mingled boyishness and capacity. He is a soldier, yet he can be afraid. He likes his own life mightily, yet he can risk it with no self-admiration. He bristles with pugnacity, yet he can think and resolve with the steadfastness of a parson. He is boyish, manly, and mannish—a strong figure for a young woman to have delineated. The story reads agreeably, and adds another leaf to its author's wreath of laurel.

'Rose o' the River' is as slender a tale as ever walked into print on the merits of an author's name. The heroine, as might be predicted from her poetical label, has stepped forth from a valentine. She had neither brooch nor earrings, "but any ordinary gems would have looked rather dull and trivial when compelled to undergo comparison with her bright eyes." Out of the mouths of a "fool-family" and a professional braggart comes a certain amount of substance, and in the vivid scenes of log-jamming on the Saco there is balm. It is worthy of notice that in York County hepatica and partridge-berries come together as—yes, of course—"sweet harbingers of spring."

"Yet another story of Maine is 'Squire Phin.' His office was, over Asa Brickett's village store, and there, and thereunder goes forward the chorus in this rustic melo-

drama. The protagonists, meanwhile, are variously occupied in practising law, making love, adjusting quarrels, and preventing scandals, while over all is cast the limelight of burlesque by the return to his native town of the showman. With chariots, a parrot and an elephant, he makes a bulky and a sounding entrance, and with chariots, parrot and elephant he shrieks and plunges and crashes through the story till, tired of his unchartered freedom, he sinks into the repose of wedlock. Squire Phin is a variant upon the lawyer of bucolic fiction. He remains, equally with his prototypes, the *deus ex machina* who disentangles the threads of the Fates, but he differs interestingly from them. He has all their benevolence, and rather more than their high temper; their hard-headedness and his own soft-heartedness, not to say sentimentality. He is a lovable old fellow, in spite of rough manners and a dubious rectitude which led him to compound a felony in order to shield a fellow-citizen and safeguard the ideals of a town. The dialect of this book touches deeper depths than even the usual New England coast story. The incidents bear the same enlarged relation as the dialect to the average village chronicle, as may be proved by the mere mention of a plotted elopement, an embezzling town treasurer, a packed political meeting, a scheming circus widow whose specialties were bareback riding and the paper hoop. Surveying the whole picture and its dashing whitewash-brush work, a creepy suspicion arises that it is destined to be turned loose upon the stage, with a practicable balcony and a real elephant.

There is something about portions of 'Paradise' that recalls George Eliot's 'Scenes from Clerical Life.' It is assuredly not the New England setting, nor the Yankee twang, nor the conjuror, nor the girl palmist. It is the touch and the outlook upon the attitude with which human souls confront their problems and each other—the touch of an artist, that is to say, and the outlook of deep feeling and wide understanding; as in the immortal 'Scenes,' so here there is no evasion of tragedy, but the alleviations are as natural as the pain. Kindness, mercy, and duty lighten the loads and heal the scars—and all without a sermon! Barbara is an exquisite creation; her kindness keeps her thoughts far away from herself; her tender fancifulness teaches her constantly new ways of being serviceable. A good figure is Malory, generous and obtuse, finding yesterday's rapture converted into to-day's burden, and accepting it with matter-of-fact contentedness. The dying Clary lights her pages with her own radiant vitality. Nick, a woodland creature, is touched to fine issues by fine feeling. Uncle Timmie, persisting in an unwilling righteousness for forty years to avoid meeting his undesirable wife in the place of punishment, is unique yet life-like. Jotham, the *malade imaginaire* transformed into a troublesomely officious watchdog to his patient wife by her illness, is another well-sketched minor character. The drunkenness of the doctor seems purposeless, and certainly is not its own excuse for being. In the middle of the book there falls upon the story a certain lassitude of motive and a corresponding fidgetiness of action. The end rallies to a justification of the beginning, and

stamps the whole as a little human document of fine quality.

It is difficult not to prepare one's self for a village tale on opening a book by Mrs. Freeman; and indeed it is probable—at least it is to be hoped—that her villaginous manner will always hang about her work whether she be describing a New England town or, as in 'The Debtor,' a New Jersey suburb of New York. If mute, inglorious Miltons and bloodguiltless Hampdens flourish in obscure hamlets, why should not the reverse be true? A special gift is required to deal with all sorts and conditions of men and yet to disclose the village trait that lies at the back of the brain of each—his little ways, his little interests; her bonnets and lace frills; their gossip, their curiosity, their ham and eggs.

'The Debtor' is the story of a man who lost his moral poise through being ruined at the hands of a friend, and who regained it in ways more harrowing to his proud Southern temperament than fire and the stake would have been. The first interest of the book lies in its fidelity to the small things that make up manners and customs. From enjoyment of the fine, miniature-like technique of the opening chapters one mounts to absorption in a broad canvas full of human portraits, and one ends by gazing at a great fresco depicting moral conflict, the deep issues of life, the exaltation of character by self-abasement. Or, to put it differently, one starts on a walk in a commonplace country with commonplace companions, content with sweet air and homely surroundings, but in no wise exhilarated. Wider, greener open the pastures, as the road goes always mounting, till at last one stands on a noble height looking over a noble landscape by a golden light, and the heart stirs within. If, as Mr. Henry James has said, the view from Val-lombrosa is "a warm shimmer of history," this view may be called a warm shimmer of human nature—the trivial and even the dusty touched to radiance.

There is a great variety of portraits in 'The Debtor,' from fine, sharp pen-pictures of the rank and file, foreign and domestic, to richly colored paintings of the principals. Delicious in their solemnly humorous irresponsibility is the Kentucky family to whom belong the beguiling little heroine and her father, the charming man of "wrong courses, but right instincts." Their fascination and their weakness are wonderfully conveyed. The barber shop congregation is a group well painted in; as one might see it in a Flemish picture. The toilers in the city, though only sketches, are exceedingly vivid, minute to the last feather and the sly roll of the eye. It would be easy, if it were worth while, to point out little flaws. It is a better use of space to hope that Mrs. Freeman may give us many volumes of State differences and American likenesses with human effort and victory crowning all. "When comedy becomes tragedy," she says, "when the ignominious becomes victorious, he who brings it about becomes majestic in spite of fate itself."

The authoress of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden' is a philosopher who believes in the Right Man as the solution of every feminine problem. He is to be found in all her books, though he does not always play *deus ex machina* so conveniently as in her new story, 'The Princess Priscilla's Fort-

night. This volume is highly characteristic of its writer. We get the usual epigrammatic humor, not without cynicism; the usual liveliness of narration and dialogue; and, it must be confessed, the usual absurdities and exaggerations. Even granting that a German princess might run away from court trammels to try a country existence in England under the care of her father's old librarian, the subsequent course of events is such as to tax our credulity too highly for our own comfort. We do not for a moment believe that the runaways could have forgotten to agree upon a name, or that the clergyman's son would have betrayed the princess's secret to her maid. And even a radiantly beautiful princess could hardly have such power for good and evil in one fortnight as to make two young men in love with her, all but cause the death of one, throw two mothers into unhappiness, buy and furnish two cottages, demolish the Sabbatarianism and self-respect of a whole village, corrupt a dying saint, and finally bring about a theft and a murder. Yet the characters, though overdrawn, are full of interest, especially the librarian, the princess, the hopelessly adoring squire and his mother, and the rescuing prince, while the description of the kind old vicar is the best passage in the book. As a travesty of the Simple Life the story is amusing and timely, and no one will quarrel with the moral as expressed towards the close: "I feel bound to set [Priscilla's story] down from beginning to end for the use and warning of all persons, princesses and others, who think that by searching, by going far afield, they will find happiness, and do not see that it is lying all the while at their feet."

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—III.

Mrs. Edgar Lucas's new translation of 'Fairy Tales of the Brothers Grimm' (Philadelphia: Lippincott) furnishes fresh testimony to the undying popularity of these folk-stories, originally printed in 1812. In his introduction to a version published in 1894, Mr. S. Baring-Gould gives us the reason for this popularity, as compared with the evanescence of most of the tales invented by seventeenth and eighteenth-century writers. "Instead of the phantasmagoria conjured up by counts and princesses, came the fresher, more original folk-tales gathered from the mouths of old nurses and shepherds." The 'Kinder- und Hausmärchen' comprise 200 tales, but translators nearly always see fit to curtail this number. Thus, in the English version spoken of above, we have 46 tales; in the present volume of Mrs. Lucas we have 65 condensed into 63. One noteworthy feature of this collection is the omission of many old favorites, such as the "Six Swans," the "Iron Stove," "Snow-white and Rose-red," and the preference for many stories of the Hans Andersen type. Mr. Baring-Gould speaks of fairy tales as divisible into three main groups subdivided into forty classes; but, without going to these lengths, we have probably all differentiated in our own minds the stories of romance and the stories of homely life. In the former there figure princes, princesses, giants, witches, and dwarfs. In the latter we find ordinary peasants and their animals, who are often endowed with speech and reason. This second class of story

clearly appeals to Mrs. Lucas, as it does to Andersen, for it fills nearly half the volume. As to the translation itself, though not coming up to the terse humor of the original, it is well-written, clear and usually of great accuracy, which makes it all the more strange to read "dish" for "Schlüssel," "toad" for "Frosch," and "maize" for "Walzen." It is a pleasure to see that Mrs. Lucas adheres to the familiar forms "Red Riding-hood" and "Tom Thumb," rather than the "Red-Cap" and "Thumbling" of some modern versions. We could wish that she had also replaced "Aschenputtel" by "Cinderella," although, indeed, a Cinderella who has no fairy godmother and whose slipper is of gold is hardly the friend of our nursery days. In one point Mrs. Lucas's edition cannot compare with the English version already mentioned. Where Gordon Browne's illustrations are charmingly fantastic, Arthur Rackham's are merely grotesque. They are also so much too dark that the only wholly satisfactory drawings are the silhouettes in two of the tales. But the print is good; the book is easy to hold, and the cover is attractive—all points likely to ensure a well-deserved success.

Eva March Tappan's 'Golden Goose, and Other Fairy Tales, Translated from the Swedish' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a good addition to the useful work she has done for children in other fields. History, the Gospels, and old ballads have all afforded her material. Now she turns to folk-lore and produces a pleasant, readable little book. It is interesting to see how similar many of the stories are to Grimm's Household Tales. "The Little Wild Man" is a more elaborate version of "Iron Hans," and so is "The Black Box and the Red" of "Frau Holle." The "Roof of Sausages" denotes the Swedish equivalent for the cake roof on the bread house in "Hänsel and Gretel," and the "Simple-minded Giant" is a story compounded of Grimm's "Valiant Little Tailor" and our English "Jack the Giant-Killer." The illustrations are excellent, especially those signed Jenny Nystrom.

If it is ever advisable to invent new fairy stories or adventures of chivalry, then we can but congratulate J. Allen St. John on 'The Face in the Pool' (Chicago: McClurg & Co.). It is interesting, well written, and well illustrated. In fact, nothing can be said against it except that it is not as good as Grimm or Spenser, while challenging comparison with both.

Anna Alice Chapin's 'True Story of Humpty Dumpty' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) marks an advance in matter and manner over her last year's 'Babes in Toyland.' There is more life in the story and more sprightliness in the way of telling it. Furthermore, there are some really charming passages, especially the description of the Fairy of Fancy with her many names. The tasks meted out as punishment to three children who "did not believe in elves or goblins or giants or brownies or anything really important and sensible," recall to us the spirit of the 'Water Babies,' and Make-Believe-Land becomes very real as we read. The type and paper are excellent; and the illustrations, by Ethel Franklin Betts, are pretty, though not up to the artist's level of last year.

May Baldwin's 'The Girls of St. Gabriel's' (Lippincott) is a sprightly story of the experiences of an English girl of fourteen, who spent two years at a convent school in the north of France, on the Belgian

frontier. Like most English people, she expected to find no athletics, and was agreeably surprised by the well-equipped gymnasium of St. Gabriel's. The discipline imposed by the Sisters, and the manners of the girls, were a great improvement on the English high school, and made up in the end for the absence of hockey. The heroine's interests were varied by the neighborhood of a French uncle with a haunted château, and the tale has incident enough to make it good reading for any girl under eighteen. There are illustrations, and a good deal of minor detail of the life of a French country house.

The idea of 'Child Characters from Dickens,' retold by L. L. Weedon (Dutton), seems to have been taken from a book called 'Child Pictures from Dickens,' issued anonymously in 1883 by the same publishers. The differences between the two are to the disadvantage of the volume now before us. Its predecessor had fewer stories, it is true, but those selected were told as far as they went in the author's words, with the compiler's additions put in brackets. L. L. Weedon has preferred to condense into a sort of pemmican eighteen of Dickens's stories, with only spasmodic attempts at retaining the language of the original. Dickens reduced to a triturate and retold without his quaint choice of expressions, without his peculiar humor, and with all the minor sub-stories omitted, becomes tedious enough to justify all that his enemies could say about him. Even Andrew Lang could hardly defend such an emasculated Dickens, and certainly the choice of stories, comprising every possible piece of pathos "of the too facile sort which plays round children's deathbeds," would have angered him as much as it will probably depress young readers. When we think how children delight in a Dickens story pure and unadulterated, how the digressions never seem to them too long, the characters too absurd, nor the fun too uproarious, it is surely a pity to let them make their first acquaintance with the author in this stunted and lifeless form.

The same objection can hardly be urged against 'The Shakespeare Story Book,' by Mary Macleod, published in 1902 by Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co. (London), and now reissued by A. S. Barnes & Co. Sidney Lee, in his preface, points out the necessity of becoming well acquainted with Shakespeare's plots before we can appreciate his character-drawing; furthermore, no one will deny, first, that any play not seen on the stage is difficult for a child to follow, and, secondly, that the Bard of Avon, even when Bowdlerized, is not always suitable for young readers. The only objection that may arise in our minds is a prejudice against any attempt to supersede the "Lamb's Tales" of our childhood. If they have held sway since 1807, in spite of pretenders, young and old, are we to see their throne usurped now? After a careful comparison we shall probably admit with reluctance that Mary Macleod is a better story-teller than Mary Lamb, and comfort ourselves by remembering what Mr. Lee tells us, that Charles Lamb "was responsible for no more than . . . the six tragedies" in the book bearing his name. In the present volume the stories are clearly put forth, with a consistent and successful retention of the original

words whenever possible, and without that omission of secondary characters and subplots which renders Lamb's Tales so little of a help towards knowing our Shakspeare. As Mr. Lee points out, what is "Twelfth Night" without Malvolio, "As You Like It" without Jaques and Touchstone, or "A Midsummer Night's Dream" without Bottom and his fellow-actors? In Miss Macleod's version we find all the familiar names skilfully introduced; and wherever a literary or historical explanation is needed, it is well and clearly made. The five plays given in Lamb's Tales and omitted in this volume only prove Miss Macleod's discretion, though we could wish that she had followed her predecessor in giving a Life of Shakspeare. The illustrations by Gordon Browne are charming, though moderately reproduced; in short, this book would make an ideal Christmas present.

The collection of 'Myths Every Child Should Know,' edited by H. W. Mable (Doubleday, Page & Co.), is formed on an entirely haphazard plan, or rather on no plan at all. There are ten disconnected stories from Greek mythology, five from Norse, and one from Indian, extracted from various authors. The somewhat aggressive title rouses us to wonder why a child "should know" the Indian legend of the water-lily, and apparently need not know the story of Penelope's web, the slaying of the Minotaur, or many others equally famous. In a book as small as this, it would undoubtedly have been easier for children if one mythology only had been laid under requisition. If ten chapters give but meagre pickings from the storehouse of Greek legend, the five Norse tales are even more inadequate, and the result of the whole is a confused impression of a great many gods and heroes with difficult names, and too little individual action to remember. One point presents much interest to older readers—the widely differing styles of the writers selected. Hawthorne is evidently Mr. Mable's favorite, though many people might consider his diffuseness, his facetious or colloquial touches, and his tendency to "talk down" to children, less suited to the dignity of Greek mythology than Kingsley's stateliness, or Church's plain, straightforward narrative. The anonymous Norse stories are very simply told, and Miss Emerson's Indian myth is almost bald in its brevity. We could wish that Mr. Mable had put his interesting preface before a more consecutive and less heterogeneous collection.

'Micky,' by Evelyn Sharp (Macmillan), is an engaging little story, with an improbable plot, but very probable characters. If it is unnatural that the wrong little boy should be carried off by a travelling juggler to be trained as an acrobat, it is eminently natural that such an imaginative child as he was should wander off in a half-sleepy state to look for the fairy princess spoken of by a kind old lady. The writer evidently regards such imaginative powers with admiration, but it is possible that the book may set parents thinking whether fairy tales are, after all, the best food for the young. H. M. Brock's pretty illustrations give just the finishing touch to the whole.

'The Lay of the Wee Brown Wren,' by H. W. Shephard-Walwyn (Longmans), on the other hand, may be said to begin and end in

its fifty-five illustrations, from photographs by the author. Neither the story nor the verse is of any real merit, but the portraits of the white hen and the wee brown wren itself are simply delightful, not to mention the thievish rat who steals the hen's eggs. The moral that a hen does best as wife and mother in her own yard is admirably suited to the "Little Ones" for whom the tale is so attractively set forth.

'The Garden God,' by Forrest Reid (London: David Nutt), is called "A Tale of Two Boys," but it is singularly unsuited to children. On the whole, we prefer to read platonic speculations in the pages of Plato himself rather than in a so-called tale, and Pan has been dead so long that for two English boys to kneel in prayer to classical gods strikes us as absurd, not to say maudlin. Only the great beauty of the descriptions can divert us in some measure from our prevailing feeling of prosaic and Philistine irritation with the book.

'The Lewis Carroll Birthday Book,' selected by Christine Terhune Herrick (A. Wessels & Co.), is a beautifully got up little volume, with a dainty cover, well chosen illustrations from the original books, and a pretty margin to each page. But as a birthday book it is hardly a success, and the selections do more credit to the compiler's familiarity with her author than to her sense of appropriateness. What, for instance, could be the fun of having a friend inscribe his name opposite such a quotation as this?—"The other messenger's called Hatta. I must have *two*, you know—to come and go. One to come, one to go." Probably there are not 365 suitable passages in the dear old books.

London Films. By W. D. Howells. Harper & Brothers. 1905.

For the title of his book Mr. Howells has borrowed a term of photography. He carries with him a mental kodak; he suspects that he did so long before he knew it. In this book he develops the images received in the mental kodak. The simile is not wholly inapt, but, instead of the indiscriminate and brutal fidelity of the material film, Mr. Howells's mental kodak encloses films capable of receiving the choice impressions of a mind poetical and artistic. As here developed, we have a series of delicate and charming impressions of London in many of its aspects, social, civic, meteorological. These pictures, in themselves delightful, are made more brilliant by a store of sparkling epigram, and of an irony always good-natured, and generally half-sympathetic. "A woman," he says, "may be the queen of England, but she may not be one of its legislators. That must be because women like being queens and do not really care for being legislators." He reads in Poets' Corner the legend on the tomb of Ben Jonson, "Oh rare Ben Jonson," and remarks that "the good Ben was never so constantly rare in life as he has been in death, and that I knew well enough from having tried to read him in days when I was willing to try reading any one." He is astonished by the youth of the girls employed by the Post-Office, and tells us that the Government gets them cheaper than maturer women, and is thereby "helping to repay itself for the enormous expense of

the Boer war." Again: "The cheaper restaurants are apt to be English; sincere in material, but heavy and unattractive in expression." He sees the statue of Disraeli, decorated with primroses, "the favorite flower of that peculiarly rustic and English statesman. He had the air of looking at the simple blossoms and forbearing an ironical smile." On an excursion to Greenwich in a vain quest for whitebait, he remarks on "the thin solution of dark mud which passes for water in the Thames." Some one presents him with a small porcelain bust of Washington: "I could only hope that it might be without a surprise too painful that our English Washington would look upon the American republic of his creation when we got home with him; I doubted whether he would find it altogether his ideal." He made it a rule to overpay—consciously—his cabman, and thus explains his rule: "I preferred to buy the cabman's goodwill, because I find this is a world in which I am constantly buying the goodwill of people whom I do not care the least for, and I did not see why I should make an exception of cabmen." It is hard to have to stop in the quotation of these epigrammatic pleasantries.

Mr. Howells had not, as we gather, visited London since 1861, when on his way to Venice to take up the consulship made forever memorable by 'A Foregone Conclusion.' He had the feeling which besets many travellers—the fear that to revisit some old scenes would destroy the first impressions, those treasures of the traveller's soul. And, indeed, his fear was once justified when he found the mounted giants at the Horse Guards giants still, but much shrunken. But resolves not to visit again this or that place were fortunately broken, and Mr. Howells seems to have "done" London as thoroughly as the tourist who places himself unreservedly in the hands of Baedeker. People great and small leave their impressions on the mental kodak, as he flits from the gallery of the House of Commons to Crosby Hall, where he notes with sympathy the demeanor of the neat-handed London Phyllis. At one time he watches a show of State, at another he wanders among the sordid crowds of Jewry. He mounts to the top of one of London's mediæval "buses," notes that marvel of London, a thronging crowd of vehicles obedient to the least motion of a policeman's hand, and records a tender dialogue between lovers. He basked in the sun—when it shone—and had the extreme good fortune, rarer than is supposed, to be utterly lost in a real, dense London fog.

Especially interesting to his own countrymen will be the two chapters, "American Origins—Mostly Northern," and "American Origins—Mostly Southern." In these Mr. Howells tells of pilgrimages to places illustrating "those springs or sources of the American nation which may be traced all over England, and which rather abound in London." So we hear of Penn and Hudson, of Captain Smith, and a host of worthies: "In fact, you can get away from New England no more in London than in America." Some of the illustrations—views of old churches and the like—are welcome; others, good enough of their kind, the ordinary product of the photographer, are hardly in keeping with the delicate products of the "mental kodak."

The Russian Empire and Czarism. By Victor Bérard. Translated by G. Fox-Davies and G. O. Pope. With introduction by Frederick Greenwood. London: David Nutt. 1905.

M. Bérard's work, which we recently reviewed at length and pronounced "timely, high-class, and valuable," now reaches us in an unusually competent and elegant translation, accompanied by one map showing the different agricultural zones of Russia proper, and another showing the general outlines of the various nationalities therein; also by an introduction which adds greatly to the worth of the volume because of its good sense and justice. If the writer's literary style had but equalled in clarity and effectiveness his logic and apparent prophetic gift, it would offer a perfect specimen of such work. It was written at a time when national and party spirit was running high—just after the Russo-Japanese Peace Conference last summer—and its fairness is, accordingly, the more noteworthy. It will well repay perusal for its appreciation of the attitude in England, and of the aims and principles involved in the contest over the question of indemnity, and the probable consequences of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, which was pending at the moment. As to the former, Mr. Greenwood says: "[Although] knowing . . . what consequences the precipitate ruin of Russia would bring upon the rest of Europe, there are many influential spirits among us who would loose rebellion over the whole country if a word could do it, so furious are they against Tsarism and the Tsar. Wishing for rain, they call down the flood." As for the latter, while freely admitting that the Japanese had as complete a right utterly to destroy Russian prestige throughout the East, and to replace it with respect and dread for Japan (by the exaction of an indemnity to secure peace), as they had to cripple or destroy the Russian army and fleet, he declares that the victory secured by Russia in excluding the indemnity from the Treaty was no small one, and that Japan's retreat from her demand was wise. In Russia, the payment of an indemnity would have ruptured the vital relation of the Tsar and his people and entailed anarchy, while resistance has braced up that relation, and will prove most serviceable to the work of transforming the government "by stages that will neither be illusive nor faithlessly slow."

Mr. Greenwood also clearly foresees that the Witte-Komura peace neither ends the new story of empire nor makes plain its future course, since it takes us but one step into the near future, and that the least dark. He realizes the fact that peace was the sole course for Japan, who could not have continued her dazzling victories beyond or even on the line she had already reached in Manchuria. "As soon as this dilemma came into view, it was seen, therefore, that the Japanese would presently let it be known that they were willing to make peace—of course on suitable terms. In due time the Peace Conference was brought about accordingly, for sufficient reasons by the most expedient means." And the Treaty merely begins—does not complete—the process of "shifting the pivot of empire"—a process which must needs vio-

lently disturb other European and Asiatic Powers besides the two directly implicated. Mr. Greenwood foresees the necessity of putting Japan under "severe regulation," to keep her from pursuing her legitimate and unprecedentedly seductive ambitions, lest England speedily "be placed in the situation of the horse tethered to the tail-board of the cart"; and that the Continental Powers likewise must restrain their aspirations. The writer considers it incredible that the Powers other than England and Japan should remain content with playing no part in the shifting of the pivot, and having no share in managing the situation generally. He does not pre-empt any good results to England from the inferences which the natives of India are likely to draw as to her lack of confidence in her unaided power to repel a possible invasion from Russia, and, though not stated in detail, his view as to the new Anglo-Japanese alliance (then unannounced as to details) is pessimistic in the extreme.

Home Life in France. By Miss Betham-Edwards. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1905.

Miss Betham-Edwards is an *officier de l'instruction publique de France*, a position to which one may suppose Englishwomen are rarely appointed; and in the course of a long life spent in great part in France she has come nearer to living the French life and to catching the French point of view than is to be expected from the average Anglo-Saxon who discourses of Gallic manners and customs. Her work is far more exhaustive than Miss Hannah Lynch's, and it differs from Mr. W. C. Brownell's admirable 'French Traits' not so much in range of outline—for in his compact essays Mr. Brownell covered a great deal of ground—but as a woman's work is likely to differ from a man's. It is more diffuse, more detailed, with less of the historical manner, less generalization, and a nicer appreciation of the distinctions of race implied in the attitude towards curtains and afternoon tea and the absence of the old maid from society. The chapter devoted to housekeeping only a woman could have written, and it is not the least instructive. Few outsiders realize the cost of keeping house in Paris, and Miss Edwards's family budgets show a need for stringent economy, even in the case of moderately good incomes, which should comfort the soul of the American housekeeper. Traditions are all very well, but they are transformed into taxes for the Parisian dweller in a flat, who, from an income of \$1,500 or less, must smilingly pay out every New Year's Day about \$30 in *étrennes* to tradesmen and the greedy *concierge*, before he takes into account the numerous gifts that tradition forces him to offer to all his own and his wife's relatives.

The terrible cohesion of the French family and the real power of the clan system is brought out in more than one of these chapters. For instance, there is the power and the duties of the Family Council, which is a sort of private court of chancery, and is bound to constitute itself with proper legal ceremony, and take in charge the affairs of any minor or imbecile among its remote branches. The *Conseil de Famille*

was regulated by the Napoleonic *Code Civil*, and the Napoleonic attitude to women is illustrated by the fact that, in the matter of the Family Council, woman is relegated to the status of a minor, imbecile, or criminal; grandfathers, for instance, may be appointed guardians, grandmothers may not. The power of the family in France is evident in another institution, the most singular from the Anglo-Saxon point of view. This is *La Maison Paternelle*, the French equivalent for the private tutor who, in England or America, makes a specialty of managing the unruly sons of the rich. Instead of resorting to this mild method, or, as in England, packing his unmanageable son off to Canada or South Africa, the French father has the legal right to imprison him in what is nothing less than an industrial reformatory for the rich, the *Maison Paternelle*. Several photographs of one of these gilded prisons are given by Miss Edwards, and the mere vision of its barred windows and cells for solitary confinement might well reform the most hardened of spoiled or refractory sons. Here the French father may imprison a son under sixteen, for a period not exceeding one month. From his sixteenth year to his majority a son may be shut up for a period not exceeding six months. The father, of course, pays all expenses. In the year 1900 no less than forty-six youths were thus consigned to the prison of Mettray, which Miss Edwards visited. "An unremitting appeal to the reasoning faculty, persuasion, kindness, and solitude—such are the influences brought to bear upon insubordination, indolence, and vicious habits." All fathers will be interested to learn that this method is said to be a striking success. Only the director knows the names of the inmates, and from first to last the prisoners are so completely isolated that two brothers have been confined at the same time and neither has known of the other's presence in the institution. Incurable idleness seems to be the chief cause for this desperate remedy, and there are numerous cases cited by Miss Edwards of youths who have entered the prison cell firmly refusing to work and even threatening suicide if not instantly liberated, who on leaving the *Maison Paternelle* were able to pass their degree examinations and wrote grateful letters to the director. Some of them volunteer to return and pursue the treatment in case they should fail to pass the examination. "Many 'old boys' send donations towards improvements of the *Paternelle*, as they affectionately call their former prison, and one showed his attachment to the place by visiting it in later years accompanied by his wife." In such a case one hears of the successes rather than the failures. But the French nation is the most reasonable on earth, and the Byronic temperament is probably very rare among French youths. The Mettray *Paternelle* has been founded only forty-eight years, but already a son of a former inmate has been placed there by his father.

Miss Edwards is at her best in treating of social customs and the minor differences of French and English home life. Literature is apparently not her strong point, and the chapter on French fiction is rather thin and superficial. But she has succeeded, on the whole, in writing a very entertaining book, full of detailed information, with

statistics that here and there need slight correction, as when on page 26 she deducts £250 from £300 and leaves a balance of £70; on the following page she speaks of Dijon as "2,000 miles from Paris." On page 67 she speaks of "Hector Malot's popular novel 'En Famille.'" Her use, more than once, of the adjective "Chicagan"—or the substantive, as, for instance, "rich Chicagans"—must be painful to her American publishers. The numerous full-page illustrations from photographs are interesting and well reproduced.

Makers of Modern History. Three Types: Louis Napoleon—Cavour—Bismarck. By the Hon. Edward Cadogan. London: John Murray; New York: James Pott & Co. 1905.

Read in the spirit to which their author appeals, these essays may be commended, for they certainly "stimulate" if they do not "satisfy curiosity." They aim at presenting, in sketches which can each be read in an hour, both a skeleton of the historical career and a portrait of the personality of the three "typical" men who transformed Europe during the third quarter of the nineteenth century. Mr. Cadogan is neither profound nor subtle, and we do not observe that he suggests any new interpretations; but he has read pretty extensively, and he has skill in narration; so that his story is enriched by pregnant quotations as it runs on entertainingly.

The account of Louis Napoleon is on the whole satisfactory. It indicates sufficiently his complex character, although, following the fashion of recent writers, it creates the impression that the Emperor's decline was generally recognized early in the '60s. The truth is, however, that this point of view springs from the wisdom of retrospect. As late as 1867 Europe regarded Napoleon as firmly established, and France as the foremost power. Even when war broke out in 1870, public opinion, both in Europe and in America, expected a swift success for the Emperor. But to-day, as we look back, we see clearly enough that the Imperial régime was rotten ten years earlier; an historian, however, while describing the actual conditions as they have been revealed subsequently, ought never to neglect to paint in their true proportions the conditions as they appeared to contemporaries.

The paper on Cavour is evidently inspired by great admiration for that consummate statesman. Mr. Cadogan indicates the difficulties which beset his path, although one misses at times that keenness of insight needed for going to the heart of Cavour's policy. When he comes to judge the morality of some of the statesman's acts, he takes the practical view that they were justified by the results. To call Cavour a pupil of the Machiavellian school, however, does him an injustice; for such an expression implies that Cavour deliberately adopted Machiavellianism as his rule of conduct, whereas the truth is that his so-called "political immorality" was largely due to his environment. Cavour was really loyal to a higher standard than that of his rivals or predecessors; that he fell short of that standard should not make us forget that he tried to realize it. But perhaps this is a matter that Mr. Cadogan could not be expected to take up.

His treatment of Bismarck has a very uneven quality. Down to 1871 he shows us a fair sketch of the Prussian Titan; but from 1871 to 1898 he simply peters out. Bismarck's losing struggle with the Pope, his losing struggle with the Socialists, and his general work (other than fiscal) as a constructive statesman, are scarcely mentioned, while Mr. Cadogan, as if he were a Chamberlainite and wrote with an eye to influencing the current agitation in England, goes out of his way to applaud Bismarck's imposition of a high tariff in Germany. Nor can we accept his view that Bismarck's dismissal "by the high-spirited boy-Emperor"—is it not stretching a point to call William II. at *thirty-one* a *boy*?—and his last years in retirement were ignoble.

In general, however, these essays may safely be recommended to the unprofessional reader, who will be dull indeed if he does not discover in them the absorbing interest of the three dissimilar men whom they describe. Biographical epitomes are always useful, and they may be made, in the hands of an artist, as precious as portraits are in the hands of a master painter. Even a mediocre portrait is better than none.

Country Homes of Famous Americans. By Oliver Bronson Capen. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1905.

The photograph and the half-tone have brought into being many books that without their aid would not have been undertaken. Entertaining and well worth reading as is Mr. Capen's text, it is certain that without the profusion of pictures large and small with which the book is embellished, 'American Homes' would not have tempted a publisher. With them, it throws a welcome light upon the surroundings of many of our celebrated men, representing, as Mr. T. W. Higginson says in his introduction, "not merely the tastes and habits of the man's household, but the private background of his public life."

Not all the houses chosen are of equal interest, nor are their owners of equal celebrity. If there be little to show for Thoreau, whose very hut on the shore of Walden Pond escaped contemporary depletion, the perhaps less generally known Bartram has left on the banks of the Schuylkill a house of great individuality and picturesque, surrounded by gardens once the most interesting in the American colonies. In some instances, however, both the man and his surroundings reach a high level of interest, and of these Washington at Mount Vernon is the type. Excellent pictures of the house with its offices and servants' quarters, of the rooms with their wisely chosen furniture and fittings, of the well-kept formal gardens, accompany a most entertaining description of the great landowner's life as a practical farmer and as a country gentleman. Few of us have any idea how great were Washington's agricultural interests. At one time, his estates, according to Mr. Capen, reached the vast extent of eight thousand acres. He estimated that his withdrawal from his farms during the Revolutionary war caused a loss of fifty thousand dollars. The pictures bear the strongest testimony to his skill in remodelling the house and designing the minor buildings, and in uniting all into an

harmonious whole by means of well studied gardens. Even the curiously winding box borders within the main hedges are said to have been laid out by his own hand. Fine as the view of Washington's flower garden is, it lacks something of the charm of Bryant's old-fashioned garden at Cedarhurst. A greater abundance of blossom, a less fantastic arrangement of the box edging (there also laid out by the owner himself), and a very beautiful dappling of light and shade make this perhaps the best of all the garden views the book contains. In all, the homes of eighteen men are chosen, including those of Lee at Arlington, of Jefferson at Monticello, Lowell's Elmwood, Longfellow's Craigie House, and Madison's Montpelier.

There has, of late, been much journeying (on paper) to the homes of great men, but none of these journeys has ended in such a fortunate meeting of text and pictures as have those of Mr. Capen.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Catalogue, 1900-1904. The Publishers Weekly.
 Bearne, Catherine. A Queen of Napoleon's Court. Dutton. \$2.50 net.
 Bernard, William Francis. The Woods of Life. Chicago: The Rooks Press. \$1.
 Blomfield, Reginald. Studies in Architecture. Macmillan Co. \$5.25.
 Bodleian Manuscript of Jerome's Version of the Chronicle of Eusebius. Henry Frowde. \$16.75 net.
 Brooke, Stopford A. On Ten Plays of Shakespeare. Henry Holt & Co. \$2.25 net.
 Castle, Agnes and Egerton. The Heart of Lady Anne. F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.
 Clayden, Arthur W. Cloud Studies. Dutton. \$3.50.
 Converse, Charles Allen. The Converse and Allied Families. 2 vols. Boston: Eben Putnam.
 Cotton, Joseph F., jr. The Constitutional Decisions of John Marshall. 2 vols. Putnam. \$10.
 Crawford, F. Marion. Salve Venetia! 2 vols. Macmillan Co. \$5 net.
 Crockett, S. R. Sir Toady Crusoe. F. A. Stokes Co. Customs Tariff and Excise Duties, 1905. Montreal: Morton, Phillips & Co.
 Defoe's Robinson Crusoe. Dutton. \$2.50.
 Denim Elephant, The. Illustrated by Emily O. Wright. F. A. Stokes Co.
 Dow, George Francis. Index to the Essex Institute Historical Collections. Vols. I.-XL, 1859-1904. Salem, Mass.: Essex Institute.
 Dunham, Edith. Jogging Round the World. F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.
 Elliot, Daniel Giraud. Mammals of the North American Continent. Chicago: Field Columbian Museum.
 Emerson's Essays. Edited by Eugene D. Holmes. Macmillan Co.
 Eyttinge, Rose. The Memories of Rose Eyttinge. F. A. Stokes Co.
 Fiske, Charles. The Religion of the Incarnation. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co. \$1.50.
 Giraldo, M. Donna Beatrice. Paris: Armand Colin.
 Gerson, Virginia. More Adventures of the Happy Heart Family. Fox, Duffield & Co. \$1.
 Haines, Alice Calhoun. Japanese Child Life.—Girls and Boys. F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.50 each.
 Hamilton, Ian. A Staff Officer's Scrap Book. Longmans. \$4.50 net.
 Hewlett, Maurice. Works. Vol. IV.: New Canterbury Tales. Macmillan Co.
 Hudson, W. H. The Purple Land. Dutton. \$1.50 net.
 Hume, John F. The Abolitionists. Putnam. \$1.25 net.
 Ibsen, Henrik. Letters of. Translated by John Nilsen Laurvik and Mary Morison. Fox, Duffield & Co. \$2.50 net.
 Jewett, John Howard. Con the Wizard. F. A. Stokes Co.
 Ladd, George Trumbull. The Philosophy of Religion. Two vols. Scribners. \$7 net per set.
 Lucas, C. P. A Historical Geography of the British Colonies. Vol. II.: The West Indies. Henry Frowde.
 Mary, Sister Eva. Community Life for Women. Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co. 75 cents net.
 Mencken, Henry L. George Bernard Shaw: His Plays. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.
 Myrick, Herbert. Cache la Poudre. Orange Judd Co.
 Peters, Madison C. Will the Coming Man Marry? Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. \$1.
 Schmidt, Nathaniel. The Prophet of Nazareth. Macmillan Co. \$2.50 net.
 Serao, Matilde. In the Country of Jesus. Translated by Richard Davey. Dutton. \$2 net.
 Sheldon, George. Heredity and Early Environment of John Williams. Boston: W. B. Clarke Co.
 Tchaikovsky, Modeste. The Life and Letters of Peter Illich Tchaikovsky. Edited from the Russian by Rosa Newmarch. John Lane Co.
 Toynbee, Mrs. Paget. The Letters of Horace Walpole. Vols. XII., XIV., XV. Henry Frowde.
 Trollope, Henry M. The Life of Moliere. Dutton. \$2.50 net.
 Wade, Blanche Elizabeth. A Garden in Pink. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
 Weale, B. L. Putnam. The Re-Shaping of the Far East. 2 vols. Macmillan Co. \$8 net.
 Whitney, Helen Hay. Verses for Jock and Joan. Fox, Duffield & Co. \$1.50.
 Wilkins, W. H. Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV. Longmans. \$5 net.